# New Thought Common Sense

Ella Wheeler Wilcox

AND

# What Life Means to Me

BY

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LONDON
GAY AND HANCOCK, LTD.
12 AND 13 HENRIETTA STREET, COVENT GARDEN
1912



Sincerely yours,

Ella Wheeler Wilcox

FOURTH EDITION

The flowers have tender little souls
That love, rejoice, aspire.
Each star that on its orbit rolls
Feels infinite desire.
The diamond longs to scintillate
When hid beneath the sod.
The universe is animate
With consciousness of God.

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# THE ANCIENT LINEAGE OF NEW THOUGHT

THE philosophy of New Thought is not new, it has not one original idea, but is a simplified and practical form of a very ponderous and wonderful religion. It makes an application to the everyday needs of modern life, of principles and ideas which the ancients used only for the few who chose the life of adepts.

No being, human or divine, known to history, sacred or profane, can be called the originator or discoverer of mental or spiritual healing. The Bhagavad-Gita, the oldest known record of religious tenets, is full of New Thought.

In the Dhammapada Buddha it is said:

'All that we are is the result of what we have thought.'

'*In this Universe there is one continuous force on every plane of existence. There is no*

*difference between the sun and man.* There is no such thing as my body, or your body, except in words. It is all one. Sun, moon, mineral, man. Even in manifest motion there is only unity. One who has learned how to manipulate the internal forces will get the whole of nature under his control.

'One man having more control of "Prana" than another, can rouse him for the time being to a state of vibration, and transmit health to him. The process can be carried on at a distance. Is there any break between you and the sun? Why, then, cannot force travel?

'This is only primitive healing. Faith and will, brought to bear, rouse, through faith, the dormant Prana of the patient and dispels disease. All manifestations of power arise from control of Prana or thought.'

Here are some of the principles taken from the *Raja Yoga*. (The literal meaning of *Raja Yoga* is '*The science of conquering the external nature for the purpose of realising the Divinity within.*' What right has any modern teacher to claim that central idea as his or her own

*those in misery; we must rejoice with the happy, and ignore wickedness.'*

*Every reaction in the form of hatred or evil thought is so much loss to the mind; and every evil thought, or deed of hatred, controlled and overcome will be laid to our favour.* Each time we suppress the unworthy impulse, so much good energy is stored in our favour, to be converted to higher uses.

In the least known Atharva Veda there are suggestions and affirmations for the cure of disease which rival in minuteness and number any modern mind cure scheme.

Those who care to look up these old works, can find how the masters of the most ancient philosophies were familiar with all the laws claimed to be discovered by Theosophy, Christian Science, or New Thought.

It is difficult to understand how any modern metaphysician can claim a 'discovery' in this line of thought, after reading such extracts from a philosophy thousands of years old

when Christ came to earth. The idea that nothing exists in the universe but God, and that by our consciousness of unity with Him we attain health, bliss, and immortality, is the very foundation stone of the Vedas. It is at least presumptuous for any one in this age to claim it as a discovery.

Once every century or two, the progressive minds of earth grow tired of empty forms and creeds, and seek for some simple expression of true religious feeling. Just now this creed is known as 'New Thought.' Two hundred years ago it was called 'Quietism,' and its leader was a woman, Mme. Guyon. She was born with a passion for a religious life. She passed through various phases of self-torture, self-sacrifice, austerity, and devotion, and yet found no peace.

Finally a holy man said to her: 'Madam, you are disappointed because you seek from without that which you have within. Accustom yourself to seek God in your own heart, and you will find Him.'

This statement was a revelation to Mme.

Guyon; from that hour she became what was in that age termed 'a mystic.' It is said of her by a historian of her time: 'God was continually present to her, and she appeared to feel and behold all creatures as immersed in the gracious omnipresence of the Most High. In her adoring contemplation of the Divine Presence, she often found herself unable to pray for any particular blessing. More than once those who chanced to sit near her, believed they perceived a marvellous efflux of grace proceeding from her to themselves.'

Mme. Guyon founded a religion called Quietism. It meant simply the habit of becoming quiet and finding the Divine Nature within. It called for no aid of priest, ideal, form or creed.

That is precisely what the 'New Thought' and 'Mental Science' people mean when they talk about 'going into the Silence.'

Mme. Guyon gained her idea of 'Quietism' from one who had gained his from the adepts and scholars of India.

'New Thought' goes back to the same

reservoir of human knowledge and religious attainments. Mme. Guyon often went to the extreme, which means fanaticism, and lost her balance, as so many devoutly religious people do.

She refused to have an aching tooth extracted, believing it was right to suffer since the pain was sent. She lost all interest in the world in which she lived, and unless engaged in establishing hospitals, or in other charitable works, or in her large correspondence on religious matters, she found happiness only in solitude and quiet, frequently lying absolutely motionless for hours in the woods.

It is a good thing to be alone a portion of every day, and it is a good thing to commune with one's own soul. There is no growth possible otherwise. But it is a sensible thing to keep in touch with humanity and to walk along earth's highways, interested in and interesting to one's fellow-beings.

Any religion which eliminates human sympathy and common sense is on the road to fanaticism.

fanatic is absurd and almost criminal at times, when he allows a member of his family to die without trying ' old thought ' means of cure.

There is a spirituality capable of *preventing* disease.

But once it fails and allows the enemy to creep in, then, if he is not quickly put to rout, let practical methods make their attempts at cure.

While we keep our eyes fixed upon the heavens, we should remember that our feet must remain on the earth until we are freed from our bodies.

We have not yet learned to fly.

The longer I live and the more I see,<br>
  Of the struggle of souls toward the heights above,<br>
The stronger this truth comes home to me :<br>
  That the Universe rests on the shoulders of love.

## THE ANTI-TOXIN OF COMMON SENSE

MANY phases of metaphysical thought to-day have become epidemic. They need the anti-toxin of Common Sense, to save the minds infected, from mania.

Any philosophy, or religion, or creed, or dogma, which fails to make men better sons, husbands and fathers, better neighbours and citizens, is of little use to the world.

Any woman who is not improved as a daughter, wife, mother, neighbour and friend, by her religion, has not found the path that leads to the highest development of her character.

Hundreds of men and women in our midst are striving to attain powers which will enable them to reach above this everyday plane of consciousness, and to see and hear what is transpiring in psychic realms.

Insanity, divorce, broken homes and broken

The ranks of the adepts are not reinforced, but the ranks of the world's unfortunates are.

No religion, no philosophy, no course of mental or spiritual training can fit human beings to adorn or enjoy 'realms beyond' unless it fits them first to adorn, and enjoy, the realms in which they are placed by Destiny.

No amount of spiritual enthusiasm can render us capable of filling important positions in 'kingdom come' unless it enables us to first perform every nearest duty here on earth with willing cheerfulness, courage and trust.

The Creator who placed us upon earth, in human bodies, with human instincts and appetites, intended us to live as normal human beings, performing the tasks necessary to the earthly sojourn, while we develop to the best of our ability the character which merits immortality.

But this development cannot be obtained by leaping over the practical, commonplace obligations of home, neighbourhood and society,

and arriving at some spiritual eminence from which immortality is discernible.

It must be attained by climbing up the stairs of duties performed. Prayer and meditation 'in the silence' are both means of lifting the mind above the petty worries of everyday life. They are like refreshing showers, which cleanse the mind from dust; like rays of sunshine, which bring forth blossoms on the barren earth.

But the woman who devotes her time to prayer and meditation and neglects to sweep her room, to prepare the meals for her family, to care for her person and make herself attractive to her husband and children, and who fails to interest herself in the things which render her companionable to those nearest her, is *not* developing the highest attributes of her nature.

She is *not* winning immortality; and she is *not* on the path to the highest usefulness in this world.

She is making a mistake, which will prove a hindrance to her happiness on both planes of consciousness.

When any religion creates a growing chasm

atrophies the affections, its divine origin may be questioned.

Religion should give new vitality to the heart, strengthen the love nature, and bring those who are near to us still nearer ; it should enable us to be so broad, so tolerant, so sympathetic, so loving, that all difference of faith can be borne, without discord or alienation of the affections.

New Thought, so called, of all religions ought to bring harmony rather than dissension into the family circle. Its whole philosophy rests upon the *power of silent thought* to change conditions and achieve results.

The old creeds believed in proselytising, in trying to make converts, in preaching and haranguing, and in revival meetings, which consisted in working upon the emotional and hysterical nature of the 'unconverted.'

New Thought has abandoned all these methods. The law of *assertion* has taken the place of preaching and praying with 'sinners.'

Thought has been declared by physical science to be a phase of the same energy which governs the solar system. It is understood how, rightly and persistently directed, thought can draw to the mind which sends it forth whatever that mind desires. *Demand creates supply.*

The woman who wants her family to come into harmony with her ideas, should begin by making her family love and respect her in every capacity of wife, mother, sister, daughter and friend.

So practical, so thoughtful, so humanly loving, so useful, so companionable should she be in her daily life, so cheerful and so amiable in her performance of duties, that her example would, in the natural course of events, seem worthy of emulation, and her ideas and opinions worthy of respect..

When such a woman sends into space her quiet, earnest assertions that those who are dear to her believe as she believes, and understand as she understands, she need use no arguments, no sermons, no educating methods, to bring about the desired result.

Sooner or later she will be given her heart's wish.

But she who allows her creed to separate her from her family, who forgets to be the ideal wife, mother or daughter in trying to be the spiritual adept, only drives her family further away from the truth as she understands it, and delays her own best development by neglecting her nearest duties.

It is good wives and good mothers and good women in the daily walks of life that the world needs, not adepts or miracle workers.

'Be ye faithful in a few things, and ye shall be made rulers over many.'

Great powers come to those who continually perform small obligations with an understanding of their importance in the building of the House Beautiful—the human character.

I care not who were vicious back of me:<br>
No shadow of their sins on me is shed.<br>
My will is greater than heredity,<br>
I am no worm to feed upon the dead.

## ARE YOU DOING THE BEST YOU CAN ?

OFTTIMES we hear used the expression, 'I am doing the best I can.'

But are we doing the best we can ?

Are you ? If you are a man, and your home is not all you would like it to be, are you doing the best you can to make it right ?

You are providing your wife and children with all that money can buy. But are you making them feel how hard you work for this money, and are you giving them no companionship, no attention, no personal interest outside of paying the bills they contract ?

Then you are not doing the best you can to bring about right home conditions.

You are not a real man, a real husband, a real father. You are merely a mine of ore, from which members of your family dig the material things they need.

But their hearts and minds are starved for

Perhaps you are the other kind of a man, who stores up money for the future, and who, with any surplus, likes to make a good showing at the clubs and among the politicians, but who begrudges his wife a purse of her own and crucifies her daily on the altar of meanness.

I recall an old, old lady, who was sensitive, refined, unselfish and unmercenary by nature, and who had been tortured into a discontented pessimist as only such natures can be, by fifty years of married life with a man who had not one vice, save that of money meanness.

Never did he give her a cent without compelling her to ask for it and to tell for what purpose she used it afterward.

Only when the children grew old enough to earn money and give the mother of their earnings, was she relieved from this miserable slavery, which destroyed her love and respect for her husband, and her pride in herself.

Yet this man was always declaring that he

'was doing the best he could to provide for his family.'

But was he? There is something to consider besides supplying the material needs of a wife when a man marries a woman of any refinement or feeling. He must provide her with conditions which sustain her self respect, as well as with mere food, and roof, and raiment.

If you are a woman, perhaps you say you are doing the best you can to create beautiful home relations for your family.

But are you? You are loyal, industrious and affectionate. But is your house well ordered and clean and comfortable?

Order is heaven's first law; and unless your home is orderly you are committing a sin against heaven.

Unless you are amiable, and optimistic, and sympathetic, and patient, you are committing a sin against love, and wronging your children, and probably alienating your husband.

So are you doing the best you can?

Then in the matter of health? You are doing the best you can, you say, to keep well.

But are you? Are you *breathing*? If you had a thousand dollars in your purse and were starving, it would seem very foolish; but you have thousands of cells in your lungs, and you are using only about six per cent. of them for the purpose of pumping fresh air through your body.

That is the percentage used by nineteen people in every score, and that is why only one in every score is really enjoying good health.

Are you breathing the best you can? Give five minutes each morning and night to breathing exercises, using *every lung cell*, and see the difference in a week's time.

Instead of wearing out your mind with impracticable efforts at gaining something you do not need, stop a bit and ask yourself a few questions.

Are you doing the duties which lie nearest?

Are you confronting the daily obligations and problems of domestic, social, political and religious life with dignity, pride, self-respect and courage?

These obligations and problems are not always

presented to us in tragic or lofty form. They more frequently come in mean and shabby attire, and with a disagreeable countenance.

There are relatives or members of your family who, to use your own expression, perhaps, 'get on your nerves.' They annoy you in a thousand and one small ways. Their manners, their habits, their voices, their ideas, all render them uncongenial to you. And so life is a constant discord.

But are you meeting this situation with all that is tolerant, and large-minded, and wholesome, and kind in your nature?

Do you try to make these people feel that you are kindly disposed toward them; that you have their best interests at heart; that you admire whatever is admirable in them, and that you sympathise with their dearest aims and ambitions, even if you disapprove of some things they do?

Only by such an attitude of mind can you ever hope to render the situation less insupportable, or to influence them to be what you desire.

If you are nagging, sarcastic, contemptuous,

irritable, cold, sullen or indifferent to those who annoy you, then you are making a bad matter worse, and you are wasting beautiful life, and valuable mental forces, in a mean and ignoble manner.

You are sinning against yourself, even more than these people are sinning against you.

If the individual who disappoints you is your wife or your husband, are you doing all in your power to better the condition?

Remember, it is the most vitally important matter in your life; in two lives; and if there are children, in their lives also.

The man who marries a woman he loves, and who loves him, and then fails to keep her loving and happy, is either a vicious or a weak man.

The woman who fails to keep her husband happy and in love with her is either a vicious or a weak woman. Somewhere there is a weak point.

You should have a quiet talk with yourself, and find out where you failed; and, if it is not too late, try to mend the broken link in love's chain, or put in a new link.

If you are running about to your neighbours for consolation, talking about your domestic disappointments, you are assuredly weak, and you are not meeting this great problem with the strength and pride demanded by the situation.

The Invisible Helpers who stand very near a soul in trouble, should be the only intermediaries between husband and wife. Go alone into your room; sit very quietly and ask these Divine Friends to come to your aid; they are messengers of God, and will give you light and understanding when you are at the limit of your own strength.

Unless you have asked such guidance and felt your whole being go forth in the demand for *light*, you have not done all you could or should to better the situation.

Are you doing what you can, and all you should, for those nearest you, in a financial way?

And are you taking care *not to overdo* for others?

It is your first obligation, before you give to

public charities or foreign missions, or make a display in the world, to see that you have no relatives who are on the town, or liable to become public charges. If every man and woman attended to this duty there would be no need of almshouses or homes for paupers.

But it is just as imperative an obligation that you do not *make* paupers, by supporting people who are able to work, and who lose all moral fibre and all strength of character by having you pay their bills and assume their obligations. A rich man is often the worst enemy of his own children, when he allows them to grow up without self-reliance or a sense of responsibility.

How are you meeting all these problems of life?

Are you doing the best you can?

Oh, you who mourn about To-day's dark
sorrows,
What part have you in bringing bright To-
morrows?

## BE NOT EASILY OFFENDED.

A MOST beautiful calendar opens with the lines:

> 'I 'll not easily offend,
> Nor be easily offended;
> What 's amiss I 'll try to mend,
> And endure what can't be mended.'

One could hardly start the year with a better resolution than is contained in these words.

*To not easily offend* is to be continually considerate. To think before speaking; to restrain the careless word and the useless criticism; to forgo the pleasure of a laugh when it would fall as ridicule on sensitive ears, and to avoid the little sins of omission which mar friendship—the unanswered letter, the unpaid call, the word of approval or congratulation for achievement or success, and the word of sympathy for trouble or loss.

Then, too, even more admirable still, it seems to me, is the resolve:

'Nor be easily offended.'

One of the most expensive luxuries of life, and the least profitable as an investment for happiness, is the friend who is 'easily offended,' and to whom you are for ever apologising for the mistakes you did not mean to make, and the slights you did not know you had given, until they were forced upon your unwilling attention.

The easily offended nature is usually the selfish and self-centred nature; yet it may be found, too, with those who have been neglected in early youth, and who have formed the habit of morbid self-depreciation.

I have known a successful and broad-minded business man to be hypersensitive regarding the small things of life, and to imagine he was 'neglected' and 'slighted' if a friend passed him, absorbed in thought, with only an ordinary salutation. But this man had been an orphan boy, living a lonely childhood among people who fed and clothed him, but who ofttimes

made him realise that he was not an important factor in their lives.

So he had shaped his mind to gloomy thoughts of neglect, and after he became important to the lives of many people, and a man of large affairs and wide interests, still his brain continued to work in the old groove, and he was 'easily offended.'

More frequently, however, this fault is associated with the selfish and the vain, who find no happiness unless given the centre of life's stage, and with the full force of the calcium light thrown upon them. And if one individual in the audience looks at any other of God's company for a brief moment, then they are 'offended' and want to resign from the rôle and compel the curtain to ring down.

Difficult, indeed, is life with such people; and therefore the motto which bids us to be 'not easily offended' should be written in letters of light and hung where all may read. Love your friends, trust them, believe in them; and when any events arise which seem incon-

sistent with such belief, wait an explanation before becoming offended.

In nine cases out of ten the explanation will be forthcoming; for if you yourself are a worth-while, valuable and loyal friend, it stands to reason that you are not going to be neglected or ill-used, by those whose friendship you value.

'Be not easily offended.' You can help to sweeten the world for yourself and others if you live true to this motto.

Put it into practice, first of all, where every great virtue and accomplishment should be practised—*in the home.*

As a wife, a daughter, a sister, a mother, 'be not easily offended.'

The touchy woman can destroy an Eden almost as easily as can the serpent.

There is usually a lamentable lack of a sense of humour in a woman who is easily offended. She takes every least act, every look and every failure to speak or look as a serious intent on the part of somebody to 'wound her feelings.'

How she suffers, poor thing! Yet how she

makes others suffer by her silly self-consciousness and her eternal sensitiveness.

She will tell you that because she gives so much and is so unselfish she suffers more keenly through the lack of others to return in like measure.

But this is not true of love. The really loving nature is so occupied with the giving, that it does not find time to be offended over small neglects.

The royally loving nature is not 'touchy.' It is not suspicious. It is not easily offended.

It is cheerful, it is generous, it is optimistic, it is amiable.

And these are qualities which help women to build earthly heavens, and to keep husband, children and friends, true, loyal and admiring.

'Be not easily offended.'

With its unburied dead the earth is sad.
Art thou alive? Proclaim it and be glad.
Perchance the dead may hear thee and arise,
Knowing they live, and *here* is Paradise.

## FOR WHAT ARE YOU LIVING?

DO you ever stop and ask yourself for what you are living?

Is it for 'success' in some undertaking?

Then what are you doing to produce success?

No matter how hard you may be working, unless you are finding pleasure and pride in your work, and doing it with cheerfulness, you are not going forward to real success.

One month of such application of your powers will achieve more for you than a year of grumbling, dogged work, done with unwillingness and dislike of the task.

Whatever you are doing, reason yourself into a love of your labour, until you can leave it for something more agreeable.

One excellent way to reason along these lines is to see that every day given to an unpleasant

task is bringing it nearer its completion, when you can abandon it.

And even if it seems to you that such an end can never be attained, that the work you have in hand is endless, yet remember that *thought* is the greatest miracle worker, and that thought is energy, and that by continual determination, coupled with continual aspiration and effort, you can bring any change you desire into your life.

But no good results can be achieved by angry, purposeless rebellion or sullen discontent, or work done with hatred and disgust, however well done.

Are you living for happiness ?

What are you doing to produce happiness ?

Are you dressing beyond your means ; taking more 'days off' than you can afford ; buying more things than you need or can use ?

Are you eating and drinking solely for the pleasure of the palate, and for the enjoyment of the moment, and with no thought of what nourishes, or what clogs the system and produces disease ?

Perhaps you say it takes all your strength and

time to supply the mere 'necessities of life,' and you are unhappy because of this fact.

But what are the necessities of life?

Were you to be cast on a desert island, with plenty of good water, grains and fruit, honey and nuts, you would be surprised to find how little food it takes to supply the body with nourishment and to sustain good health.

We do not care to live as we would if obliged to dwell upon a desert island; but that does not prove the luxuries in which we indulge are 'life's necessities.'

So, in thinking over your life and its hardships and obligations, do not put the blame on 'life's necessities' when you find you are using all your time and money and effort to merely live.

You are really exhausting yourself to follow standards set by others.

This can never produce happiness.

If you wear yourself out in the struggle to buy a motor car, and to sustain one, because your neighbours have this luxury, and not because your income and position make the car a suitable possession, you will never reach happiness.

Happiness in material things comes only in having what we really need, when we really need it, and when we can really afford it.

Happiness comes from within the mind, never from without.

That is an old, old statement, but it is eternally true.

Happiness comes from self-respect, and self-respect comes from the knowledge that we are living within our means, that we owe no man money we cannot eventually pay, that we are able to enjoy the changing seasons without running in debt to keep up a variety of expensive homes at fashionable resorts, and that we are able to find pleasure in walking when we cannot ride, and in keeping at work when we cannot take a vacation.

Happiness lies in the consciousness of the *privilege of life.* Until you realise apart from all material considerations what a privilege life is you cannot be happy.

Say over to yourself a dozen of the most familiar names of extravagantly wealthy people in America, and think of the miserable scandals

every one of these families.

Then you will be able to reason out how little wealth has to do with real happiness.

Happiness must rest on *character*, and character building lies in the power of the poorest man on earth.

Build yourself a splendid mansion of the mind; then, whether you live in a flat or a mansion, in a tent on the plains, in a tenement in the city or in a cottage by the sea, you will know the secret of happiness.

And the world is full of 'new thought' literature, which is a good foundation for happiness. Read, think, live rightly, and happiness must come.

The populace may run after the dishonourable man of wealth, hoping for benefits, but it does not admire or respect him.

## IGNORE MISFORTUNE

MOST of us have passed through the unpleasant experience of making a visit to the dentist, for the purpose of discovering the cause, and cure, of a toothache.

When the dentist placed his merciless instruments on the sore tooth, and assured us it must be extracted, or filled, which meant more pain for us, we have groaned in spirit and dreaded the ordeal; but few of us have been so weak and illogical as to heap anathemas on the dentist for telling us unpleasant facts.

Hundreds of people approach friends with their troubles and misfortunes, asking some helpful suggestion, and if they are told that the cause of their unhappiness lies in themselves, and are advised to remove it, they become angry and accuse the truthful friend of lack of sympathy.

A talented and brilliant woman of mature

ence.

The friend has listened and given such suggestions as possible to the lady, always realising that her own restless nature and lack of concentration lay at the bottom of her troubles.

First, it was an unsympathetic and incompatible husband, who caused the lady trouble. There was a lack of means, which the wife tried to supply, and her many failures in various business ventures she always laid at the door of the erratic and unappreciative husband.

Death removed the husband; but the lady found much sorrow left. Her children were either at home, causing her disappointment and anxiety, or away from home, causing her loneliness.

She went abroad, and made every exertion to come home; but in a few months she felt there was no happiness for her save by going back over seas. Again she returned, and each time she sought a new occupation.

And always she approached her friend for influence and advice.

Finally the friend decided to tell her the truth, and to impress upon her mind the necessity of changing her habit of thought, as a preliminary to a change of luck.

And now the lady feels her friend has been cruel, hard and unsympathetic. 'I asked for bread, but you gave me a stone,' is her cry.

But her friend is merely the truthful dentist.

Never once in all these years has the woman been heard to speak a word of thankfulness regarding any event in her life.

She envied other people their good luck, and bemoaned her own misfortunes continually.

This state of mind will bring ill luck to any one who indulges it.

Just so long as you sit down and enumerate your troubles, your troubles will multiply.

Just as soon as you begin to be thankful for anything, other things will be given you for which to offer thanks.

The very first step up and away from misfortunes, is when a human soul takes upon itself

the entire blame for what has occurred, and says: 'Somehow and in some way I must have invited this trouble; somehow and in some way I must deserve it, and the experience must be meant for my good. I will make the best of it, and no one shall ever hear me complain.'

That attitude of mind will invariably bring its own comfort with it; and added to the comfort will come hope, and courage, and opportunity to better the conditions surrounding the life.

To every day recount the blessings which are ours is as sure to increase those blessings as the scattering of seed in fallow soil is a sure way to bring a harvest.

There is no misfortune or unhappiness or ill luck we cannot change into some measure of success and contentment, by the force of thought and the persistency of faith in the goodness of God and the belief that we are God's heirs.

The great wise men of ancient times wrote: '*Be indifferent to evil.*'

It was one of the strongest planks in their

religious platform. The metaphysicians of a later day have claimed to 'discover' a law of 'denying' evil. But the old seers were much wiser in not even paying it the attention of a denial; they were simply indifferent; they did not recognise it. All their emphasis was placed on the good things of life; and by talking about anything, good or bad, we magnify and multiply it.

The more you talk about your misfortunes and troubles, the more will come to listen and to be talked about.

The more you enumerate your blessings, the greater number you will have to enumerate.

Believe you were born to good luck. Say so every day and every hour in the day, and thank the Creator of all things for the blessings which are already yours.

'And unto those who have, more shall be given.'

**Work, regarded by many as the *curse* sent upon man for sin, is instead God's Highway to the hills of *happiness*.**

## THE POWER OF PERSONALITY

WHATEVER your mission in life, do not ignore the fact that your personality and your personal appearance have a great influence on your success or failure.

It is useless to quote the cases of repulsive men and women badly attired, unkempt and unwashed, who have achieved glory and fame and obtained power over men and circumstances. There may be such cases; but it requires transcendental genius, and hypnotic power, to produce such results with such conditions.

Very plain, even ugly people, often possess an attractive personality. But they are well groomed and well dressed.

It is not physical beauty of a classical type that is under discussion, as a necessary factor of success. It is a well-cared-for body, and decent and tastefully worn clothing.

There is nothing gained by a reformer, when he appeals to the minds and hearts of people with an impassioned appeal for humanity, and offends their eyes with uncombed hair and disorderly dress.

A woman who gave her life to the helping of the oppressed, used to lose half her influence by appearing before audiences attired in a slip-shod manner, and with locks of straggling, unkempt hair.

However much she might have objected to fashion, yet she should have been large enough in her understanding of human nature, to realise that the eye is one avenue to the mind and heart, and to know that the conventional eye, accustomed to a certain neatness of dress and coiffure, would not carry a message of sympathy so directly to the mind, if the attire and personality of the pleader offended.

Before we ask people to conform their political, religious or philanthropical ideas to our own, let us conform some of our ideas to suit their preconceived opinions on what constitutes propriety.

If one is too busy to give any attention to the matter of personal appearance, it is wise to adopt a uniform, as the members of the Salvation Army have done. A uniform is never offensive.

But if that is impracticable for any reason, then at least take time to be clean, neat and well dressed, however plain and free from adornments the dress may be.

Nature pays a good deal of attention to apparel. The forests are well dressed and change their clothes four times a year. Man, as a part of Nature, even though he is deprived of his rights and privileges by greed and monopoly, can at least be well brushed, often washed and scrupulously neat in his attire and person. He can cut and comb his hair.

The philanthropist who wishes to interest the public in a noble cause, the poet who wishes to embellish his own works in the eyes of an audience, the reformer who hopes to improve the industrial conditions of the country, the evangelist who tries to awaken the spiritual nature of mankind, the scientist who has a message for the world—all these types will

find their efforts reinforced with new power if they produce a pleasing effect upon their audiences, by their personal appearance.

It means a loss of strength to be frowsy, ugly and ill-dressed. There is no economy, or sense, or reason in it.

Ugliness breaks a divine law.

It is worth the time given to its accomplishment when a human being produces the effect of beauty and charm to the casual eye.

The love of beauty is inherent in every soul.

It is founded on a great law the law of cause and effect. Whoever is born into life possessed of beauty, lived in some former incarnation a beautiful life.

We are all the result of our former lives. Our bodies are the concentrated results of former actions. Nothing proves this more conclusively than the fact that many deformed and ugly people are monuments of goodness and virtue. They exhausted their viciousness and outlived their follies in another life, and passed out, repentant, and awakened to the knowledge of their mistakes.

Nevertheless, they are obliged to carry through this incarnation the physical expression of their former deeds, viz. ugliness or deformity. But while here it is right and commendable that they should make every effort to return to the olden beautiful appearance.

*Beauty is harmony. Harmony is truth.* To violate truth means a discord, and discord produces ugliness.

Seek for beauty in all things.

Make yourself as beautiful as possible in this life, first by beautiful thoughts, beautiful desires, beautiful actions; next by care of the body, cleanliness, neatness, order and proper dressing.

Only in that way can you reach your fullest development and usefulness.

Beauty can be cultivated and grown from a very small and poor beginning, just as Burbank grows glorious flowers from puny bulbs.

*The body must be grafted upon the spirit to do this.* Spirit, mind and body must all work together.

I believe in great care of the body. The

specialists who teach us how to preserve the eyes, the teeth, the hair, the complexion, the figure, are all blessings to this age of progress. But unless a woman gives more attention to the counsels of that great *Inner Specialist*, the immortal spirit, and unless she heeds the advice of her brain and cultivates the mental graces, she will make only partial progress in her beauty culture.

Although you may possess a magic cream which softens your skin and keeps lines at bay; though you have learned the massage which will keep your hair glossy and abundant, and the physical exercises which bring your figure to the curves of beauty, you will not remain beautiful if you are harbouring jealous, sarcastic or bitter thoughts in your heart, or if you are indulging in tempers and sulks.

Every envious, ungracious and irritable mood is like a frost which destroys some of Mr. Burbank's lovely experiments.

Every loving, forgiving and sympathetic impulse is like a sunbeam upon the plant of beauty.

Cultivate them assiduously. Even if your nature is not naturally loving you can develop these feelings.

Look for the things to admire, and to love in each person you meet. Say over the word *Love* often to yourself, mentally.

As you walk along the street, or sit in the public conveyance, send out a blessing to the world. Say in your heart, 'God bless and help every living creature to-day.'

It will bring great peace to your mind and great light to your face.

And it will cause this feeling to grow in your nature.

And it will help you to grow beautiful as you grow older.

A consciousness of striving to live up to one's highest ideals is the wine of life, and a wine that leaves no bitter taste in the mouth.

## COMMON SENSE AND 'GOODNESS'

EVERY now and then a world-weary and folly-weary man marries an innocent, unworldly and 'good woman.'

He wants the sweet home life he has not found in the paths of Pleasure, nor in the by-ways of Licence. He wants the unmercenary devotion of a loving woman, and he wants to walk forth in the broad light of day, unashamed, with his wife by his side.

It is the inevitable goal of every worth-while man.

The world approves of such marriages, and the woman feels that she is filling the highest mission of her sex in reclaiming a lost sheep.

But how few such women know the wise, middle course, to walk with such a man.

It is all very well to listen and believe when he tells you he is happier than he has ever been

in his life before, and that his home is dearer to him than any club on earth.

But it is far from very well if you fall upon his neck and weep, the first time he intimates that he would like to drop in at the club and talk with the old chums for an hour.

This is the poorest method you could adopt to convince him of the greater joys of home.

There is a certain fascination in club life to most men. There is danger in this fascination to some men. When a man sickens of it and wants a home, it is because he has had nothing but his club, and because there is a worthy element in his nature which calls for something better.

The fact that he should want to visit the old scene now and then, is not an indication that he is sick of home, or that he is wandering from the fold again.

*If the pasture is sweet, and the shepherdess kind and wise, the sheep will not wander far.*

If you have married a man who has been overfond of the fair sex, and if he is kind and

true and loving, do not stand for ever upon the alert, lest he become disloyal to you.

Constant surveillance never yet kept a man true. It has made many a man unfaithful.

Although your husband may have told you over and over, that you are tenfold more pleasing to him than any woman he ever knew before he met you, that does not signify that he might not like to sit by some other at a dinner-party, or dance with some other at a cotillon. It does not signify that he would not enjoy talking with others, whom he regards less highly than you.

In the association with the women he does not love, a man often most appreciates the woman he does love. Should he take a seat by some other woman and converse with her in your presence, do not act sulky, distrait or injured.

That only makes you ridiculous and unlovable.

Although your innocence and unworldliness won your husband from the paths of folly, those qualities will not keep him at your side,

unless you mingle common sense and tact with them.

It is easy for many women to be brilliant, and it is easy for others to be good. But it seems the most difficult thing in the world for a woman to be sensible.

Genius and virtue are everywhere, but we must search for common sense.

* Woman is called a composite creature, but man is tenfold more composite. When a man has had the whole world catering to everything in his make-up, except his love of virtue, he is not to be made abidingly happy with nothing but that quality satisfied.

He cannot suddenly and permanently change his whole mental structure.

Be satisfied, then, if your husband gives up the liberties and vices which the world allows a bachelor, but do not ask him to relinquish the courtesies and recreations which are every man's privilege.

Drive Suspicion from your door, and install Confidence in its place. Cultivate self-esteem and self-confidence, and think, act, talk and

live so sweetly and lovingly that rivalry is impossible.

Make the new life a holiday, not a term of imprisonment. A very good woman who has no human weakness in her nature, is sometimes the devil's tool to drive men to drink.

Absolute loyalty, absolute morality, absolute honour and cleanliness of life, every woman has the right to ask of her husband. The best of his devotion and the larger portion of his leisure should be given her voluntarily. But to make him a willing captive should be woman's art, not to make him a life prisoner, and the home a reformatory, and the wife a suspicious warden, always imagining that the prisoner is planning escape.

The good wife must possess other qualities besides goodness, to render her marriage with a mere man successful.

Common sense and tact must be two strands of the rope to make it strong enough to act as an anchor for the domestic ship. The too good wife relies wholly upon one strand, and the ship breaks anchor.

If your husband has given up dissipation, do not insist that he must let his cigar go also.

If he has abandoned the gaming table, do not say that he must give up the social game of cards as well, to make you happy.

If he has stopped all flirtatious relations with the opposite sex, do not ask him to relinquish all friendly associations with other women.

If he has come up out of a lower plane to your altitude, do not ask him to stand for ever upon a pedestal. Let him walk upon the earth among mortals and be satisfied.

In order to think him a good man, do not ask him to be an angel.

Wholesome, normal, sensible human beings are what we all need to be while on earth, not disembodied spirits.

Clean thoughts, clean habits, clean bodies and happy hearts and faces, help to make beautiful lives and homes.

But the too good wife sometimes sees evil where it does not exist, and by suspicion and insinuation ruins her own chances of happiness.

In order to be a good wife, do not be 'too good.'

And remember 'Thoughts are things' and as you continually think of your husband, so you are helping him to be.

The star sheds radiance on a million worlds,
The sea is prodigal with waves, and yet
No lustre from the star is lost, and not
One drop is missing from the ocean tides.

## 'GOOD BUSINESS'

BEFORE real continued success can come to a woman in any self-supporting realm, she must have several things of which she seems unconscious to-day.

I fear it is the exceptional business woman who has a realisation of the necessity of paying her bills promptly, and of making her word as good as her note in money matters.

I shall never forget the mortification I felt upon a time, when in a strange place, away from home, I gave the name of a well-known business woman as reference in a financial matter. I knew her as a most ambitious and seemingly successful business woman, and was astonished to be told that her note was not considered of any value, and that in her own town she could not obtain credit because it was so difficult to collect bills when due.

Afterward I heard the woman bemoan the

cruelty of the world toward a woman who tried to make her own way.

Of course our sex has not been accustomed to assume large responsibilities, and it is difficult to grasp the situation at once. We have been for centuries the recipients of the gallant attentions or tyrannical espionage of men, and to become their associates in business is quite another matter.

But since woman has entered upon this field, let her keep her shield bright and her sword sharp, and her sense of honour keen.

Another point to be observed is the necessity to epitomise her ideas and curtail her words in business conversation. One of woman's greatest hindrances to success is her loquaciousness.

The woman who places any value on the worth of her own time or that of another, and displays it by economising both, is worthy of a gold medal, so unusual a specimen is she.

Every word we utter means an expenditure of a certain amount of vital force; yet women waste this force as recklessly as if it were dross instead of pure gold.

They talk above, below and around the point at issue, using ten phrases to express what could be better said in one.

Woman's conception of the importance and value of time is conveyed in a smiling, 'I know you are awfully busy, and I fear I am trespassing upon your time,' while she immediately proceeds to talk for another half-hour upon something which has nothing to do with the purpose of her call.

In social life the woman who flits from topic to topic like a butterfly from flower to flower, is delightful. She rests, entertains, amuses and often instructs her listeners.

The woman who is too serious, and one-sided in social life, is worse, if anything, than the one who is too profuse and diffusive in business.

This seems to be the point which she finds difficult to realise.

It is the exceptional man who goes into a busy office or study, and takes half an hour to do his errand.

It is the exceptional woman who takes less.

With all woman's desire to be unselfish, and,

despite the foundation of unselfishness upon which her nature is built, she is thoughtless and inconsiderate by her wasteful verbosity, as a rule, in business matters.

The woman who is direct, concise and expeditious in her methods is as unusual as a white blackbird.

She seldom lacks employment. This quality of dispatch is one of the fundamental laws of success, and nothing reaches a man's business heart sooner than a delicate consideration of the great value of his time, and an indication that your own, as well, is worth conserving.

To every woman or girl who is about to seek influence, advice, or a position, I offer this counsel—

Before you set forth on your errand, think out clearly what you want.

Then think of a few concise sentences by which you may express your wish.

Keep to your point. Do not tell the story of your life, or describe your genealogical descent from William the Conqueror, to the man you hope will give you employment.

Talk about the subject which called you into his presence, and talk with directness and fluency, and get done with it and go away.

If you do not win the man's patronage, you will at least win his respect and gratitude.

And you will have saved your own time and nerve force for other occasions.

•

One of the most inspiring objects on earth, is a strong man bearing the burdens of a lot of weaklings of both sexes, all unconscious of his own need of sympathy.

## THE TRAPEZE PERFORMER

WATCHING the wonderful work of a tight-rope and trapeze performer, the question arose: What good does it all do? Where is the benefit to the human race in such a sacrifice of time, as this athlete has been obliged to make, in order to reach his astonishing proficiency in a seemingly useless achievement?

Yet this man, and all others who have attained skill in the same difficult line of endeavour, are benefactors to the human race, if we will look at the matter analytically.

They teach us what can be accomplished in any direction by unswerving purpose, unflagging will and persistent patience.

To jump through the air, to catch the hands of another man who is hanging by his feet from a trapeze and oscillating to and fro, to drop those hands and turn the body completely

around in mid-air, and then catch the perch from which the original leap is made and vault as lightly to a seat as a bird settles upon a branch, is an achievement which no human being can accomplish, save by one method.

And this method is *direct purpose, unfaltering effort and daily practice.*

And this method will bring success to any effort, in any line, for any human being who puts it into execution.

When I think of the marvellous control over his body, and over the laws of gravitation which this trapeze performer exhibited, I wonder that any man or woman can fail in anything attempted.

When I think of the unfathomed depths of *power* lying in every immortal *mind,* I wonder that the world is not filled with hosts of successful people.

There is no such thing as failure for any one who sets forth to his goal, as the trapeze performer set forth to attain his aim, and who keeps at his work with the same persistency.

If you are seeking health, wealth, usefulness, skill in any direction, there is nothing, and no one, who can hinder your attainment of the coveted boon, if you are willing to work and wait as the man on the trapeze worked and waited before he reached his present superb success; for such excellence in any vocation is nothing short of 'superb,' because it means *concentration and persistence.*

If you have a habit you want to overcome, *you can do it.* To control the mind by the mind is as easy as to control the laws of gravitation and the movements of the body, but both require steady, daily, unremitting *practice.*

If you want to succeed in any business or profession, the man-on-the-trapeze should be an inspiration to you.

You may consider yourself a much superior being in the social scale and on the intellectual plane, and more highly developed spiritually, but you are this man's *inferior* if you are complaining that you have no success, and that the world does not use you fairly, and that you have

no influence, and that only the man with a *pull* wins.

All this talk proves you to be the inferior of the man-on-the-trapeze, who stands at the head of his profession because he kept working, practising and trying for the perfection he knew could be won only *by his own persistent efforts.*

That is all success means.

Choose your vocation and *go ahead. Nothing can hinder you but your own lack of purpose and application.*

Do you possess the power of concentration?

Can you focus your mind upon any subject for any length of time?

If you believe you can, put the matter to the test.

Sit down for five minutes (just five minutes before the clock strikes the hour) and try and think of *only one thing.*

Take the word Light, or the word Strength, and try to think of the meaning; or take the face of any one you love, and think of its features,

excluding all other thoughts; or imagine the earth before any sign of life existed upon it, with only verdure, water and the seas, and think of that as a symbol of the word *Serenity*.

If you succeed in holding your mind resolutely to any one of these ideas for even *one minute*, without the intrusion of twenty other thoughts, you may believe yourself well prepared for any mental effort.

And you may know that you are the exception to the rule of intellectual humanity.

Not one mind in one hundred can do this simple thing.

Not one mind in one hundred in America.

Mind scattering is almost universal here.

Our public schools, with all the good things they do for the masses, weaken the power of concentration in the majority of pupils.

The average normal child, born with good health and a vigorous body, possesses the ability to hold its mind to one thought.

It is after the mind begins to be crowded with a multiplicity of ideas that the thought scattering process sets in.

Many people imagine that concentration means to think of only one subject all the time.

But the person who does that becomes a monomaniac, and a bore, however he may succeed in his chosen line.

The successful musician, and actor, and writer, and inventor, is often a being of this kind, and Heaven preserve us from his society.

He not only thinks of one subject continually, but he *talks* it continually, which makes men and women with a repertoire of ideas fly at his approach. There is no necessity of this kind of concentration to insure success.

All that is needed is to *think of one subject at a time*; to put all your mental machinery in action on that subject.

If you have selected music as a profession, *think, talk and dream music* for a certain period of time each day.

Drive away all other thoughts while you are working on those lines.

But when you have finished your allotted task, and the time you have set apart for this

study expires, then *concentrate upon whatever subject presents itself* with equal persistency.

If some friend talks to you of books, fashion, or current events, do not let your mind roam back to music and give but half attention to his conversation. That is the way *thought scattering* begins with many of us. And thought scattering is tenfold more wasteful and wicked than time and money scattering.

Nothing in this life is so precious as our *mental forces.*

Upon our use of them depends our spiritual development, our usefulness to humanity and our physical well-being, to a great degree.

I am not discussing this topic (or any topic) from a lofty altitude of one who claims to be a model of achievement in that particular line. I discuss it rather, and all kindred subjects, as one who has learned the need of such discussions from personal experience, and innumerable mistakes, and consequent regrets.

The one remedy for this tendency to idea scattering is to put the check of Will upon the mind; to practise listening with attention, no

is boring you, but while you listen in seeming, *listen in fact.* Think of nothing but of what you are hearing. Pay absolute attention. No matter how trivial the duty you are performing, devote your whole mind to its performance.

Then, when it is accomplished, turn your mental powers in some other direction with equal steadiness.

Let your mind be the *search light,* and your will the hand that turns it from one point to another.

But while it falls in any one spot, *keep it steady.*

That is what *concentration* means.

That is what the *first step to success means.*

It is slow work to regain this lost power.

It is like regaining lost health. But it *can be done.*

*Think of only one thing at a time.* Focus all your faculties on that *one* while it is the matter under consideration.

Practice of this kind, steadily followed, will

make you *master* of your own mind, and *master* of whatever subject you may choose to consider.

By lightnings unguided destruction is hurled,
But chained and directed they gladden the world.

THERE could be no more important work for a nation than the establishing of institutions and the training of men and women for the proper knowledge of the right generation of human beings.

New York City provides a fund for a large aquarium. The Zoo is another city institution where young animals are protected before birth and after; and should the male animal indicate dangerous tendencies toward his mate before the birth of the young, or afterward toward his offspring, he is at once placed where he cannot do damage.

No stock breeder would permit his brood animal to suffer injury at such a period; she is protected in every way in order that her offspring may be strong and well.

Yet all over the United States expectant mothers are left to the careless and ignorant

treatment of men who know no more about the responsibilities of fatherhood, or of prenatal influences, than they know of the social conditions of Mars.

In the lower walks of life, where people are crowded in small rooms and obliged to live in close quarters, expectant mothers are forced to endure the odours of cheap drink and tobacco, and to hear taunts and insults from intoxicated husbands, who have never been told that a woman is sensitive to an abnormal degree at this period of her life. In the higher walks, thousands of mothers are suffering from neglect and indifference, or refined abuse, from husbands who are college graduates and who occupy important positions socially.

It would be an admirable undertaking for the Government to establish in every large city, a free institution where such women could pass two or three hours each day, with cheerful surroundings: and three or four months, at a nominal price, if unfortunately situated at home. Whatever the original expense of such an undertaking might necessitate, it would be

Added to this, each college should be obliged to add a department through which every young man must pass before granted a diploma. The most skilled physicians should be employed as instructors in this department. It is quite as important to the world that young men know what it means to propagate the species, as that they become such expert athletes that Yale conquers Harvard, or Harvard Princeton at football. Many cases might be found, if the annals of the courts were studied, where men who graduated with brilliant honours from famous colleges, proved brutal husbands to wives who were expectant mothers. The man's brain had been filled with all kinds of knowledge save that which gave him an understanding of fatherhood and motherhood. However disillusioned or enraged he may become with a woman he has chosen as his wife, there is not one man in a million who would misuse his own unborn child once he knew the vital influence of the mother's mind upon it during those months. Women are

beginning to understand these matters, and mothers are awakening to the fact that daughters must be educated along these lines, if they ever contemplate marriage.

But how is it possible for a mother to give her child wholesome, and sane and healthful prenatal conditions, if men continue to walk in blind, black ignorance, and if the laws of the land make no provision for the mother's protection, and offer no asylum for her retreat from disastrous environment at this important time? It is the great work of the future, the vital subject of the present. Not until the intelligent and educated classes realise this and call science to aid in the education of men as fathers, can we hope for a marked improvement in the human race.

A woman said recently: 'Many and many a poor wife does not have the considerate treatment accorded her which is given the female horse or dog. Of all the animals in the world there is no male that treats his mate as inconsiderately as does man, especially at the time in her life when she most needs his care. I

condition; for criminals, idiots and deformities are produced by ill-treatment of the mother before she bears the child.'

Now a personal word to you, Mr. Expectant Father.

Your wife is to bear you a child. Whether you are pleased or otherwise, you are her collaborator in parenthood, and you are the father of an unborn soul.

Just how are you treating the mother of that helpless soul?

Upon your attitude to your wife depends in a large degree the future of your child. The mother's mind is like a chisel at work day and night, awake or asleep, moulding the mind, shaping the body of her child and yours.

If you are tender, loving, considerate and patient, you are causing the best qualities of the human heart to be given to your son or daughter.

If you are harsh, irritable, impatient and selfish, you are awakening the unworthy side of

your wife's nature and giving your offspring a disposition and temperament which mean distress for itself and others.

What would you think of a man who was having a new mansion built, and who stood at one side and threw stones into the plate glass windows and ink upon the fresh paint and thrust knives into the newly papered walls? Would you not think he was insane and deserving of a strait-jacket?

Yet if you are saying unkind or cruel words to your wife; if you are misusing her in any way, or wounding her feelings, or failing to give her the tenderest care and protection and love at this time, you are doing a far more insane and reckless act than the wrecking of a house would indicate.

You are marring an immortal soul, besides leaving scars upon the heart of the woman you chose to be the mother of your children.

Science is doing much to exterminate dangerous insects and reptiles and savage beasts from the earth. It is being done in the interests of humanity, it is said.

father who maltreats and misuses the mother of an unborn child.

Yet they are allowed to live and thrive by hundreds in every class of society. Little or nothing is done to educate men in this matter. Money is being sent to Japan and India, where motherhood is regarded as sacred, to convert the heathen to our religion, while our own Christian men are crushing the souls out of expectant mothers every day in the year, either by indifference and neglect or absolute cruelty.

There is no time in life when a woman so needs the friendship of her husband as during this wonderful prenatal period.

If his heart is with her and he is unselfish, thoughtful and kind, and full of sympathy, then the months are the most beautiful, the most holy, the most sublime that can come to mortal.

If he is the reverse, they are one continual Gethsemane.

No man, however sympathetic or wise in scientific knowledge, can form the least idea of the condition of a woman's nervous system at this time.

It is an experience only mothers can understand.

Not one man in a hundred thousand ever hears the prenatal period referred to before he enters upon the duties of fatherhood himself.

Your education in this matter was probably neglected. I am trying to give you a kindergarten lesson right here.

For the sake of your unborn child, if not for the sake of human decency and the wife you married, let what I have said *sink in*, and make you treat your child's mother with affection and kindness until your baby is born.

Then if you cannot develop enough manhood to keep up the treatment, I hope she will take her baby and go away where she can bring it up peacefully.

If you saw a man sticking pins into a small, helpless baby in its cradle, would you not feel impelled to knock him down? Well, every time

Immortal Life is something to be earned
By slow self-conquest, comradeship with pain
And patient seeking after higher truths.

## THE HIGH CALLING OF MOTHERHOOD

IT is not so much what you are *doing*, my dear madame, before your child is born, as what you are *thinking*, which moulds its character.

Over and over I would reiterate what I believe to be a great truth—children inherit the suppressed tendencies of their parents—those things of which the parents think and dream and long to do.

Therefore, cultivate your mind to dwell upon good and worthy and beautiful desires. Read tales of noble achievements and histories of great characters, and infuse all your thoughts with high aspirations.

A story comes to me from a personal friend who sings. Before the birth of her son she sang hours at a time day after day, and week after week. Her voice was in excellent

The child cries at the sound of music and shows an evident distaste for it. He is nearly eight years old now and cannot carry the simplest air. This is because the mother *exhausted* her own desire to sing during the prenatal period.

Had she *thought* of music, listened to it and enjoyed it mentally and with the imagination, it is more than probable that her child would have been musical. Mothers who exhaust their nervous systems in any line of endeavour do not bestow the ability to achieve in this same line upon their children.

*The camera which receives the impression must be still.*

If you would give your child certain qualities, learn to *be still,* to think, and to feel strongly and earnestly.

Watch yourself that you do not indulge in disagreeable moods toward any one. Forgive your enemies and wish them well. Cast out bitterness and anger. You are no longer your

own mistress, remember; you belong to your unborn child. Your responsibility is tremendous.

A woman who permitted her thoughts to dwell on vicious and dishonest themes sent *two hundred criminals into the world in four generations.*

So powerful was her concentration of vicious thought, that she was like a poisoned spring, which sends out its death-dealing streams over the land.

Do not permit your eyes to rest upon deformity or ugliness for any length of time if you can avoid it. If you are compelled to be in its presence, close your eyes and imagine beauty all about you.

When you fall asleep picture beautiful things in your mind and ask all good angels to guard you and your child.

Believe you are to bring a blessing into the world.

The expectant mother should avoid reading or thinking or talking about cruelty, sin, folly, or sorrow. She should hear all

desires her child to possess some one talent, let her read the lives of men and women who have been known in that especial work, and think about them after she closes the book.

Much outdoor life and deep breathing of pure air will help to produce a robust child with strong lungs.

One hundred deep inhalations should be taken every morning with closed lips, and the whole lungs filled with fresh air. During the daily promenade, inhale while taking seven steps, and think of the seven most important qualities you would wish your child to possess, such as goodness, health, wisdom, talent, beauty, affection, influence.

With each breath believe you are inhaling one of these qualities from God's great reservoir for your child.

Then exhale slowly, and repeat the exercise until slightly weary.

Avoid thinking of any one you do not

like, or dwelling on disagreeable or annoying events.

When depressed moods come, get out in the open air and begin your breathing exercises.

Think of all the noble people who have made the world better for living in it, and ask at your library for books about the great philanthropists and philosophers, poets, painters and artists.

Cultivate a reverent state of mind—look at the stars, and realise how grand and glorious is this universe, and how wonderful the Creator who conceived and carried out the design. Worship Him with all your heart, and remember that your child is a reflection of Him, and believe that you are to be the mother of one of God's own kin.

Thank Him hourly for the great privilege of motherhood, and let no worry or anxiety regarding the future depress you. Say,—I am that most sacred thing on earth, an expectant mother—I am chosen by God for a great work—and all will be well with me.

Whoever was begotten by pure love,
And came desired and welcomed into life,
Is of immaculate conception.

## THOUGHT BUILDING FOR CHILDREN

WHAT are you doing to prevent your children from annoying others?

The fact that they do not annoy you is not sufficient; the fact that you find them the most interesting and remarkable children in the world is not convincing, and the fact that they are exceptionally bright and intelligent or astonishingly intellectual, even, has nothing to do with the discussion.

Have you taught your boys that they are to wait for all women and all older people to pass through a door or into a public conveyance? Or do you permit them to push and jostle their way through a company or crowd and monopolise the most desirable places in vehicles?

It is so seldom one finds an American lad of any class who steps aside to let a woman precede him in public places, that he attracts immediate attention when he is encountered.

the ribs of the man or woman beside him and dives forward into car or omnibus at the risk of tripping the unwary or toppling over the weak, and if this occurs, no word of apology is ever heard from the lips of Master Stars and Stripes.

I have yet to hear an American parent reprove a child for a performance of this kind. But when others have administered reproof he has met with 'fond parents'' defence, 'He is only a boy. He didn't mean it, of course. One can't expect children to be thoughtful as their elders,' and so on.

But one can expect their elders to teach them the rudiments of behaviour.

Have you told your children that the toothpick should no more be employed in public than the tooth-brush, or do you allow your representatives to parade through public halls and sit on verandahs and in drawing-rooms, or even at table, and wield this disgusting weapon?

If you have neglected this very important item in their education, let me beg of you to

instruct them from this hour forward to attend to their toilet matters in privacy and without compulsory witnesses.

If your children say that well-dressed men and women commit this same offence against decency and good taste, assure them that they were unfortunate in having no well-bred parents to teach them better manners, and that they are not to be emulated, but pitied.

Have you spoken to your daughters regarding their high-pitched voices, or do you hear them shriek through house, hotel and street like the steamboat whistle or the trolley gong, with no word of protest ?

And do you smilingly say, 'Mollie is so full of life, you can always tell when she is around' ?

Do you train your boys and girls when at table to wait until the process of mastication is finished before indulging in active conversation ?

Are your children allowed to stand upon the seats of public conveyances with dusty and muddy feet ?

Do they interrupt the conversation of older

the whoop of wild Indians on the warpath?

There is no amount of education you can bestow upon your boys and girls which will make them cultured or well-bred members of society unless you build this groundwork of decent manners and habits in their early youth.

For *now* the plastic brain cells are being formed, and you are the potter who can shape your children as you will, if you care to give the great work your careful, loving attention.

I talked recently with a gifted young man, whose only obstacle to great success in his chosen work is *lack of self-confidence*. This man was brought up by a father who continually ridiculed his son, in early youth, in order to prevent him from becoming egotistical.

Whatever the boy attempted to do, the father declared impossible, and laughed at his conceit for supposing he possessed the requisite qualities for such an endeavour.

The son was specially dowered by nature and temperament for the dramatic profession and is now playing in third-class companies, while he

would be a capable leading man in the best theatrical companies, had he been *encouraged and made to believe in himself.*

'Always when I approach a manager,' he said, 'I shrink in my own estimation, and remember things my father said to me of my egotism and presumption. And the manager, of course, takes my own estimate of myself, and I do not get the rôle I want.'

There are many mothers making the same deplorable mistake with a young daughter.

They are so concerned lest the girl become vain and silly with pride of beauty or attainments, that they ridicule her personal appearance, and her mental achievements.

A beautiful and accomplished woman assured a friend that she suffered agonies when entering a room because of her mother's ridicule during her adolescence.

The very first duty a parent owes a child is to give that child *confidence in itself.*

Such confidence is not egotism. It can accompany modesty and humility of spirit, if properly developed.

There was a little boy who gave evidence, in early childhood, of unusual literary talent.

'You are gifted by the Creator,' his parents told him, 'and you will one day make a name which shall be known all over the world. You must study and observe and grow, and write as you feel.'

Every crude effort was praised, and the boy grew up with a belief in his talents, which the future justified, and the world acknowledged his gifts in early life.

Praise and encouragement from parents are the foundation of success for many a man and woman; and ridicule and discouragement from the same source have caused many a human being's failure to reach the heights.

Believe in your children and teach them to believe in themselves. It is better than giving them an inheritance of houses and lands.

Children can be educated in the finer things of life, and given high standards without knowing they are being taught, if the parents possess tact and forethought.

As you walk along the streets with your children, what do you talk about ?

Are you calling their attention to the shop windows and sighing to think that you cannot buy all the beautiful things displayed to whet the appetite for adornment ?

Do you reply to their importuning for toys and articles of clothing by the statement that you are ' too poor ' to buy these things, and then do you follow this remark by exclamations of admiration and envy over the handsome equipages, with richly gowned occupants, and say, ' It must be lovely to be rich ? '

If this is your method of entertaining your children it would be far wiser to leave them at home.

You are educating them in discontent, jealousy and a false idea of what constitutes happiness.

You are awakening a precocious longing for wealth and display and creating those ' class distinctions ' which so many good people declare are created by the ' sensational newspapers.'

If you see a man or boy pushing ahead of women through doors or into cars and stages, say to your boy how sorry you should be to have him so rude.

Impress upon him the necessity of politeness and courtesy in public places as an attribute of manliness.

Thank him when he opens a door for you or steps aside for you to enter a car, or when he rises to give another a seat.

In all these small and simple ways you can be giving your children the foundation of a most valuable education.

It lies in the power of the mother to make her children what she desires them to be if she begins early enough and keeps at the task day after day.

A child's brain is being built the first fourteen years of life, and it is the mother's privilege to direct the structure and awaken the noblest and most admirable qualities by giving them thought exercises.

Each thought which passes through a child's mind is leaving its physical impress on the

brain and making that thought easier to occur again. Pave the way for good and great thoughts.

Rejoice in willing service;
Who loves will labour most.

ONE of the first lessons drilled into the youthful brain by the gimlet of continual homilies is the idea of *economy*. 'Waste not, want not:' 'Take care of the pennies and the pounds will take care of themselves,' and a score of other old adages are given the young mind, to train it in the way it should go.

But while economy is a virtue, *parsimony* is a crime; and few parents draw a distinction between the two in talking to their children. I believe in saving a portion of one's earnings; I believe in keeping in advance of necessity, because it means usefulness, instead of dependence; lifting, instead of leaning; hopefulness, instead of fear, in facing the future.

But of two misfortunes, I would rather see a child lean toward extravagance, if that extravagance were coupled with generosity, than

toward a miserly tendency to accumulate and save.

Nothing dwarfs the whole nature more than parsimony. A young man whose leading thought is *economy*, and who counts every cent over and over with miserly care before indulging in a necessary expenditure or a graceful courtesy toward a friend, is certain to grow narrow in his sympathies and prejudiced in his opinions, and, like a dwarfed, perverted vine, his tendrils will turn in and cling about himself instead of reaching out to adorn the world.

If you are just setting forth in life with an ambition to achieve, let *generosity* stand side by side with *economy* in your heart. If they are not there naturally, plant the seeds and water them well, and expose the soil to the sun of *Love*.

They will grow, and great will be the harvest.

If you earn enough to save a few dollars a month out of your wages, make a rule of investing at least one dollar in some good cause for humanity. Do not give it to the first street beggar or the first professional letter-writer who

unfortunate, and plant your seed of generosity both for the sake of the one who will be benefited and for your own moral growth.

While the deplorable and unworthy conditions continue to exist which make ‘tipping’ waiters and domestics in restaurants and hotels an accepted part of service, do not try to shirk this custom.

If you can afford to frequent such places (with no matter what economy) you can afford to ‘tip’ your attendant. You can never reform the country nor institute new laws by denying a waiter a fee, though many ‘reformers’ go no farther than this in their efforts at Socialism.

And you *can* dwarf your own nature by trying to save a few dimes and quarters in this mean and unworthy fashion.

Give something, a few pennies, if no more, now and then, to aid the animal protective society and the humane educational organisations.

Children and animals never impose upon

charity, and you may be sure whatever you do in their behalf is well bestowed.

Consider all such use of your small earnings as seed well planted. So surely as you cultivate this spirit of generosity and helpfulness, so surely shall prosperity attend your effort as the years pass, and so surely shall your enterprises meet with success.

Besides this you will act as a stimulant to others who have more means to bestow: and your few dollars shall be augmented by other dollars until an endless chain is formed, and tight purses shall be opened and hard hearts softened by your example.

Never for an instant allow yourself to fear poverty and dependence. There is a type of so-called generosity which leads to the Almshouse. Many a man who is called 'a generous, open-hearted fellow, who puts his hand in his pocket for every friend,' dies bankrupt and homeless. But investigation will prove it is his *wastefulness,* outside of his generosity, which brings the disaster.

Nothing is wasted which we give willingly and

on our lives and characters; but the money spent in show, display and dissipation, in feasting and in extravagant entertaining in a desire to outdo our neighbours, or to make our enemies jealous, that indeed is the waste which leads to want.

Back of each visible being stands a host of invisibles, and by the nature of your thoughts and desires and ambitions you determine the *class* of these invisibles who come at bidding to lend countenance and strength to your undertakings.

Decide for yourself whether you desire the co-operation of the earth-bound gourmand, drunkard and race-track suicide, the miser and money-hoarder, or the great Spirits of Light, who were the philanthropists and helpers of earth when here.

We choose our unseen companions as we choose our earthly associates, and by the company we keep are we known here and beyond.

Were I the mother of a marriageable daughter I should hesitate to see her become the wife of a man noted primarily for his economy. The influence of a man upon a woman in matters concerning money is far-reaching and subtle; I have known a woman of financial independence and generous proclivities to become utterly transformed by marriage with a man whose one idea of life was the accumulation of money.

And let this mania take root in a nature and it renders it impervious even to the fear of ridicule and scorn of associates; for such a man believes always that in the long-run his money will make him a power and bring him the respect he is forfeiting by his petty meannesses along the way.

But that is an error which he either discovers too late or else remains in ignorance of to the end, which is sadder still.

The man or woman who waits until fortune is won to be generous in small matters remains a miser to the end of life. Generosity is a plant which does not grow in a night. It needs

No fabled fall of Adam
Can chain you to the sod ;
You are the child of glory,
The messenger of God.

## WHAT IS A GOOD WOMAN?

THERE are good women; there are better women; there are best women. There are comparatively good women, positively good women, and superlatively good women; and all these definitions are modified by time, place, climate and temperament.

No woman could be called good who walked down Fifth Avenue attired only in a loin cloth and a string of beads; yet in Central Africa women walk abroad in such an attire who are as good as they know how to be—loyal wives, devoted mothers and dutiful daughters.

Good women appear in public places and before men here in America with uncovered faces and shoulders; but in Turkey no good woman could do this, because it is not the custom, and would offend.

The good woman does not offend purposely

ences and discomforts of tradition until she can see some reasonable prospect of bettering the race by defying the conventions.

The comparatively good woman lives a harmless life, avoids wounding any one, and submits to all manner of injustice at the hands of society—because she dislikes to make a fuss, or attract attention, or disturb existing orders.

The positively good woman lives an actively good life, under the same conditions, putting herself to great trouble to help others, and to overcome the results of injustice without essaying to remove the cause.

The superlatively good woman does all this and more. She attends to the nearest duty first—relieves distress and bestows sympathy; but she is brave enough to attempt an attack on established traditions when they stand in the way of the progress of the human race, even though the attacks bring suffering and pain upon herself. Mary Livermore, Julia Ward Howe, Victoria Woodhull, Lucretia Mott, Susan B. Anthony, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, were all

superlatively good women. Refined, sensitive and beautiful souls, they suffered from the brutality and ignorance of the world when they gave their lives to the destruction of moss-grown traditions which had become breeders of pestilence, and undertook the construction of the great, broad edifice where woman dwells to-day.

The merely good woman does no evil. She keeps the Commandments, and is happy in being harmless.

The better woman does no evil and strives also to do good where it comes in her way.

The best woman does no evil, does much good, and goes out of her way to inspire and encourage those who have been doing wrong to new aspirations and endeavours.

The good woman never speaks ill of the absent. She is silent when others condemn.

The better woman speaks well of the absent—when it is possible to do so.

The best woman defends the absent, even at the risk of offending those persons who are prone to condemn.

The good woman is satisfied with being good.

her character to make it better.

The really good woman is a good daughter, sister, wife, mother and friend. She may be simple, humble, uneducated and poor, yet if she fulfils her duty in all these relations she is the best of women, for they invariably call forth the highest qualities of human nature and often demand self-denial, self-sacrifice and self-control.

Many women consider themselves 'good' because they possess chastity.

Chastity is only one virtue. I have known chaste viragoes who would have made suitable consorts for Beelzebub.

I have known chaste scandal-mongers who were neighbourhood assassins—slaying characters with their adder tongues.

There are models of chastity and virtue who are reckless spendthrifts, wasting hard-earned money in needless ways.

The good woman knows how to curb her temper, how to be charitable in speech, how to economise her expenditures.

It requires courage, self-control and unselfishness for a woman to practise common sense economy when surrounded by extravagance and folly. In the heart of fashionable society some such good women may be found.

It requires the same virtues and faith and trust in God's wisdom added for a woman to be cheerful, kind and patient while her heart is starved all her life for the refinements and pleasures of existence; yet many such women are to be found in homes of poverty—good women who rejoice in the success and happiness of others, while fated to live a life of hard work and loneliness from the cradle to the grave. In shops, factories and kitchens, there are good women doing distasteful work patiently, and cheerfully using their earnings for others dependent upon them.

There are good women who stand by bad husbands, because they believe it their duty, and because they hope for ultimate reformation.

There are good women who leave bad husbands because they realise that self-respect, or the salvation of their children, demands it.

Any woman who lives up to her highest understanding of duty is a good woman, no matter how others may differ in their ideas of what constitutes duty.

The girl who gives up her ambition for an education in order to remain at home and care for aging parents is a good girl; but another may prove a better girl who pushes ahead and secures her education in order that she can give her parents a more desirable home eventually.

The highest unselfishness must sometimes suffer from the misconstruction of the world, which regards it as selfishness.

We are all a little better or a little worse than we were last year this time; a little stronger or a little weaker; a little wiser or a little duller.

There is no such thing as remaining stationary. The world turns on its axis—the sun, stars, planets, all revolve. Even the rocks are composed of millions of ever-moving atoms. So the mind of the mortal is always doing its work and making or unmaking the character.

It is for you to decide as you analyse your own life whether you are a good woman or not;

whether you are as good as you know how to be; and whether you are better this year than you were last.

Then let your secret thoughts be fair;
They have a vital part and share
In shaping worlds and moulding fate,
God's system is so intricate.

# THE COLOUR OF YOUR THOUGHTS

DO colours affect you? Are you conscious that certain shades of colour give you pleasurable and happy sensations, and others irritate you, and others incline you to despondency?

If so, do not consider it an evidence of incipient insanity or blame yourself for being 'queer.'

Colour plays a larger part in the everyday world than most of us suspect.

Here is what a noted physician, a graduate of the 'old school,' although he has gone forward into more progressive ideas, told me.

We were talking of the marvellous results which have been obtained by medical science from the employment of violet and X-rays in curing supposedly incurable diseases.

The physician showed me two plaster casts he had removed from the legs of a small boy,

who had worn them for years, and who was pronounced incurable by the leading specialists in such maladies; yet, after some months of treatment under the violet and X-rays, the plaster casts were removed, and the little boy is rolling his hoop in the street, well and happy.

'We are discovering new wonders daily,' the doctor said. 'In many hospitals now they are placing red curtains about the beds of smallpox patients. It has been proven that light falling through red curtains prevents the pitting of the patient. There is a chemical property in red which produces this welcome result.

'Just so in violet; there are chemical properties which aid in the cure of other maladies.

'Colour is now a recognised factor in the progressive medical world. And we are only in the morning of our discoveries. The world will be astonished in ten years' time at the revolution which will take place in the science of medical therapeutics. Drugs are fast becoming obsolete; the knife will be less popular, and only in extreme cases, and in accidents,

will it eventually be used by reputable surgeons. *Light* has come to take the place of old, ignorant methods.'

Then the physician took me into a private room, where sat a young man of twenty-one years, for three months a patient of the light cure. The mother of the youth was present, and told me of the remarkable effect violet and X-ray treatment had produced on her son.

'For six years my boy had been growing steadily worse with inflammatory rheumatism,' she said. 'For one year before he came here he was confined to his bed, unable to move without excruciating pain. The best specialists in Greater New York assured me he would never leave his bed save for his tomb; yet, in three months' time he is able to walk on crutches, and to sit up four hours a day.'

*Let there be light* in the old medical school, since such things as these are taking place about us.

Meantime, let us study colour, and realise that it has its place, aside from the decorative, in God's wonderful scheme of a beautiful world.

Every colour indicates a certain rate of vibration of light. It also represents a certain *sound vibration*. Light, sound, colour are all related, then, and all affect the mental and physical well-being of humans.

Long ago the seers of the world said these things, and it is gratifying to find physical science corroborating the statements of the 'wise men of old.'

Thousands of years ago it was written and said that each mortal had an 'aura,' and that by its colour the psychic eye could determine the thoughts of another, whether sad or glad, gloomy or hopeful, angry or loving.

In London a year or two ago a scientific corroboration of this theory was produced by a chemically prepared screen, which brought out the colours surrounding the head of any one sitting in front of it, and, oddly enough, the mental states of each person corresponded with the colours the wise people thousands of years ago had declared such thoughts would produce; the brown 'aura' despondency, the pink, love.

Let us open the windows of our souls and

minds to all these glorious new discoveries. They are coming thick and fast in the next decade.

And by and by, after a century or two passes, all mortals may develop the psychic eye and be enabled to 'see' the thoughts of one another.

Since many such people exist to-day all about us, it behooves us to cultivate a 'pink aura' by loving thoughts, and to avoid anger and evil passions, which display themselves in sullen red rays; or despondency, which clothes itself in muddy brown.

The pink aura, by all means!

> I hold it true that thoughts are things
> Endowed with bodies, breath and wings,
> And that we send them forth to fill
> The world with good results or ill.

## 'IN GOD WE TRUST'

A CURIOUS thing is to be seen at the St. Frances Hotel, San Francisco, Cal., that wonderful phœnix hotel which has risen from its ashes, just as beautiful and busy and optimistic as before the earthquake, and now, as then, one of the best hotels in the world.

At the desk they show you a twenty dollar gold piece which was found under burning bricks and in the debris of the office after the work of clearing out began. The face of Liberty is burned away; so are the wings of the eagle, but clear and bright remain the words: '*In God We Trust.*'

And surely nowhere in the whole world, and never in the annals of history, can be found a greater proof of a trust in the 'Divinity Within' than has been exhibited and is being exhibited by the people of San Francisco.

It would be an excellent thing if the men and women who have met with large or small losses in the East during the recent money panics could visit the Pacific Coast and realise what real loss—real disaster—means. And see there, too, what real courage and real trust mean.

There are no melancholy faces in San Francisco.

There is no talk of hard luck and misfortune.

People tell you they lost everything they had, and that they are beginning life all over again, but they show you how wonderful has been their progress, instead of giving you the details of how vast their misfortunes.

Men who have been accustomed to warerooms and offices occupying a block, are working cheerfully in two small rooms, while planning to reach a position to rebuild on the old large scale.

Women who have been accustomed to carriages and servants and luxury are turning their accomplishments into the means of earning a living; teaching music; doing fine sewing, acting as companions or clerks, and performing

their duties with cheerfulness and courage and thankfulness.

And it is that amazing and glorious spirit which has already rebuilt the city to such an astonishing degree, and will build it up to be a far greater and more beautiful city than it has ever been in the past.

These same people who are showing this colossal courage no doubt used to make themselves miserable over trifles; over the loss of a small investment; over the incompetence of domestics; and the failure of a tailor to fit a coat or gown properly doubtless caused them unhappiness for days 'before the quake.'

It sometimes seems that it is because so many of us waste life and emotion over the trifling worries of existence that the great calamities are sent now and then to wake the nobility in human nature, the real heroism which comes forth in times of universal disaster.

What a great and glorious world this might be if we always kept the attitude toward one another which prevails in the hour of flood and fire and earthquake!

If we forgot the foolish distinctions of classes, and just thought of one another as God's children, all pushing forward to safety, all hungry for peace, all seeking shelter in the arms of Eternal Love!

And if our hearts were always wide open to the same emotions of sympathy and helpfulness that move in us at some crucial hour!

O the pity of it, that we wait for some colossal disaster to awaken in us the real spirit of universal love!

But when you begin to feel blue about your losses, and worried over your poor luck, stop a bit and think what fate befell the people of San Francisco. Imagine yourself stripped of every earthly possession, and standing beside the ash heaps of a great city, and then realise, if you can, what the motto on that half-burned coin means —'*In God We Trust.*'

The omnipotence of the Creator of this universe, who creates it over and over after each destruction, lies in the soul of *each man and woman.* It lies in *you.*

If your life seems to be in ruins, if it *is* in

ruins, you can rebuild it with divine help, by acknowledging and using the divine power you possess. Just as San Francisco is being rebuilt, more splendid than before the destruction, so can you rebuild your own life, fortune, health and happiness.

Press on! Achieve! Achieve!

God! what a world, if men in street and mart
Kept that same impulse of the human heart
That makes them, in the hour of fire and flood,
Show the great meaning of True Brotherhood.

## ARE YOU ALIVE?

WANDERING over this big little world, and studying the people in many lands, one must be impressed with the vast preponderance of *living dead creatures*, who cumber the earth with their bodies, and rob the air of its oxygen, and disturb the silence with their complaints.

People whose minds are dead to every thought save the needs of the body; whose souls are asleep so soundly that they are deaf to the call continually sounding through space to each immortal spirit on every sphere—the call *come higher*—and whose bodies are, in consequence, sources of discomfort, pain, misery and disease, or else of trivial worry.

With thoughts bound to the wheel of physical anxieties, the days go around and around, and their minds rise never beyond what to eat, what to wear, what to do to find amusement, what to

do to 'get even' with somebody for a fancied wrong, or to 'get ahead' of a rival; how to get well of this and that ailment; what to take to obtain personal strength; and, for a slight variation of thought, how to make a fortune in a hurry.

For mental recreation, they indulge in criticisms of others who have erred, who have fallen by the wayside, or who have risen too high upon the wave of fortune.

There are thousands, and tens of thousands—yes, millions—of such people on earth.

Are *you* one of these?

If you are, know you are that which you live in dread of becoming: *you are dead.* The real *you* is already, like John Brown's body, 'mouldering in the grave' of your own digging.

But if you are willing to roll the stone of self away and bid the Christ within you rise, you can *bring yourself to life.*

You do not need any conversion by a churchman; you do not need to subscribe to any creed; you do not need any change of heart,

save the getting rid of your selfish, narrow, dull way of looking at life.

All you need is to say to yourself: '*I am awake; I am alive to every glorious truth in this wonderful world; I am an immortal soul and there is nothing but light, joy, health and power for me.*'

Then begin your morning with a resolve to find the beautiful and good things in the day, in the weather, in the work you have to do, in the people you meet.

If the weather greets you with bluster and wind and rain and snow and fog, *light it up with your own spirit of sunshine.*

I have known people so radiant that they made every one who approached them forget the weather.

If your work is distasteful, *love it into shape,* and keep in your mind a desire for something better and more congenial, and make yourself worthy of such work when it comes your way. No matter how uncongenial your task is to-day, consider it a blessing that you have employment, and push along to better things.

*Everything comes when we are fully ready.* The law never fails. You may believe yourself worthy of better things than have fallen to your lot, but there is some reason, some cause *in yourself,* if you have not what you desire.

If you encounter people who are disagreeable, *be so agreeable that you force them into a pleasant mood.* Bring out the best in everybody by giving them the best that is in yourself.

It was 'Madeline Bridges,' that gifted poet who has said so many beautiful things, who put this great truth into simple words :

> 'Give to the world the best you have,
> And the best shall come to you.'

Just so sure as you live these lines, so sure shall be your reward. But to do all this you must be *alive.*

Alive every hour of the day, and all of you ; brain, soul and body must be alive. Once you roll the stone away and come forth, *alive,* you will vibrate at such a rate that worry, disease, poverty, despondency, gloom and melancholy will be unable to stay with you.

They can only attach themselves to atoms in a slow and low rate of vibration—to minds that are virtually dead.

There is no excuse for idleness, despondency and despair in this world, so long as you are *alive*.

However hopeless the outlook may seem to you, however difficult the path before you, *you can find the way* to independence and success if *you never let go*.

It may require a long time. But if you had your choice to-day—to stay in a dark, foggy valley and slowly starve to death, or to climb a steep, long mountain road which required years of endeavour and fatigue, yet led to comfort and beauty at the top—you would, I am sure, start at once up the mountain.

No matter what boulders lay ahead, you would *try and climb over*. No matter what wild animals roamed over the mountain, you would face all the trials and dangers sooner than stay in the valley and die a slow death.

That is precisely what you want to do now.

To give up all individual effort because there are trusts and monopolies in the land is to stay in the valley and die of inaction. To push on in a determined and never-give-up state of mind, is to succeed *in spite of everything.*

If you chance to see some other pilgrim on the road, riding in an automobile while you walk, do not at once jump to the conclusion that he is your enemy and that he has robbed and cheated his fellow-men to procure his method of easy locomotion.

Such thoughts will take your force and vitality away from the object you have in view, and will harm you, while they may wrong your neighbour. It would be well for you to find out how he came to own an automobile before you condemn him as a greedy monopolist. Perhaps he built it with his own skill and labour, paying honest dollars for the materials.

I have known a fisherman to get along a lifetime with a leaky boat and one oar, and go about 'sculling,' thinking it was the only way he could do; while another fisherman, with no greater advantages, used his spare hours in

launch, with which he explored deeper waters and caught larger fish. This man was not a monopolist and owed no poorer neighbours an apology for having better means of locomotion than they.

It has grown to be the habit of the unsuccessful to class all people who possess comforts and conveniences in one mass with the idle, selfish, and ofttimes dishonest, rich.

There are millionaires who came by their wealth through criminal methods.

There are capitalists who grind the poor and wrong their fellow-men. But it is well to remember that there are also honest, noble, unselfish people with fortunes, and capitalists who are a blessing to the world, to the labouring classes and to humanity.

No more unjust and absurd idea ever existed than that mistaken impression of the very poor that all rich or even comfortable people are their enemies and their despoilers.

Equally erroneous is the idea that only the poor have troubles, cares or hardships.

There are wealthy people who work fourteen hours a day with their brains and hands, trying to do good to humanity.

There are men who have become the possessors of large fortunes through honest industry and perseverance, and who are bowed to the earth by the cares and responsibilities of life, and who lie awake nights while poorer men sleep, trying to decide just what is the kindest, wisest and most unselfish course of action to pursue.

To be the possessor of a comfortable sum of money does not mean to be dishonest or unkind, any more than poverty means honesty and unselfishness.

There are all kinds of people in both classes.

However poor you are, try at least to be *just* and *fair* in your estimate of others.

Justice is one of the pillars in character building.

Make yourself everything that is honest, noble, just and deserving, as you climb the mountain of life, and be careful before you condemn your fellow-men.

Wake up! See the magnificent opportuni-

fully alive—and press forward to the goal.

Each of us is heir to the attributes of the Creator, and if we seek we find 'the Kingdom of Heaven' within.

## SOMETHING ABOUT CELIBACY

WE are told that Love goes where it is sent.

But the stubborn and wilful mind of the mortal man or woman is ofttimes the sender.

It seems to be the nature of a certain order of men and women to desire what is difficult and dangerous to possess.

A woman, brought up in the Protestant religion, has been thrown in close association with a Roman Catholic priest, and she has become infatuated. She imagines it to be the passion of a lifetime, and believes her whole earthly existence is to be made unhappy by this hopeless love.

She has tried separation and absence, but the love still dominates her. 'Is it right, is it natural, is it necessary,' she asks, 'for this man

'Do you believe he is following God's will?

'Does God make human beings with natural emotions and desires and affections, and then demand that they crucify them?

'Are they any better when they do crucify them?

'This priest is the most sunny natured and cheerful man I have ever seen, but I cannot believe he is really satisfied with his life. It seems so unnatural to me!

'Do you think the vows of celibacy and poverty necessary to the living of a religious life?'

In answer to these questions I can only voice my personal beliefs upon this subject. I am neither a Roman Catholic nor a Protestant. I believe in a Ruling Spirit of Intelligence and Love, and in a succession of lives. I believe in the immortality of *all life*, and in the existence of innumerable realms about, above and below us, where disembodied spirits dwell. And I believe that each man should worship

the *Creator* of this universe in his own way and according to his own ideals and convictions.

The Protestant clergyman who works among the poor and helps to sustain the weak, and to uplift the fallen, while he enjoys his home life and performs the duties of a good husband and father, is serving God in accordance with his ideals.

The Roman Catholic, or the Hindoo, or the Buddhist priest who takes the voluntary vows of celibacy and poverty *and keeps them,* devoting all his vital powers to religious work and thoughts and aspirations, is serving his Creator in *his* way, and whoever tries to lead him from his resolutions *is doing wrong.*

This applies only to the priests who have *voluntarily chosen* this life; it does not apply to those who have been driven into it by parents, or by traditions, and compelled to take up a course which is distasteful to them or for which they are eminently unfitted.

No man should become a priest unless from overwhelming convictions and a dominating

desire to devote his whole life to spiritual things.

Judged from a human standpoint, the vows are unnatural, and unless the *divine nature* of the man is uppermost and his spiritual qualities are in excess of his moral desires and ambitions, such vows are *wrong*.

No parent, no teacher, has the right to say to a child, 'You must become a priest,' unless they are confident the boy is born into life with the awakened spirituality which will find its truest happiness and its widest usefulness in such a career.

I have known priests who were absolutely happy in their self-sacrifice, and who lived so in the spiritual plane that the desires and ambitions of the ordinary man did not reach them or appeal to them.

I recall a beautiful young priest of the Roman Catholic persuasion who had taken his vows from choice, and who gloried in his life of poverty and chastity; and I recall the greatest soul it was ever my privilege to encounter, a *Yogi* from India, who had overcome the

objections of his high caste family by his persistent clamour for a religious life, and who regarded his vows as the greatest privilege a mortal could enjoy. Human love and worldly riches and honours held nothing for him; he was always in a state of exaltation, always enjoying a wealth which beggared the billionaires of earth.

I heard foolish, sentimental and selfish women sigh over his sacrifice of home ties and family, incapable of understanding the high altitude of the man. I heard women say his life was unnatural. Yet to the man it was the only natural life possible for him to live. He had outlived the domestic existence in past incarnations. He was born into earth for a religious post-graduate course, and he left his work and his example behind him when he passed on.

But what folly for any parent to attempt to thrust such a career upon a son! Priests, and Yogis, and great religious masters are *born*, not *made* to order. The average human being needs the developing experiences of mortal love, marriage and parenthood, and they serve God's

purposes through being good husbands, and wives, and citizens.

But because you and I find this life the natural one we have no right to insist upon it for the priest, or the Sister of Charity, who takes voluntary vows of celibacy and poverty, and finds joy in keeping them. Nor have we the right to try and tempt them to break their resolutions. I do not believe it a sin for the man or woman who has taken these vows without due understanding of all they implied, to abandon them.

I knew a young man who had been sent into priesthood as deliberately as his brother was sent into the army; he had nothing in his nature to make the calling of a priest natural, or agreeable, or holy, and he had everything to make him a devoted head of a family and a good, shrewd business man. He fell in love and married, and is doing the world a good service as a kind husband and father and a charitable citizen to-day.

This is a thousand times better than if he were a miserable, unhappy, discontented priest,

carrying a turbulent human heart filled with earthly desires under his priestly robe. God has no punishment in store for such a man, but He has penalties for those who live false lives.

God will not be 'angry' with the man who finds he has made a mistake in his calling, but He will not approve of the woman who goes about trying to convince the happy and faithful priest who rejoices in his life of devotion to spiritual things that he is on the wrong track.

This is not a high calling for a Protestant woman.

Were she to analyse her state of mind, she would find it was stubbornness and love of power, rather than constancy, which direct her thoughts so continually toward this man of God.

We all may be  
The Saviours of the world if we believe  
In the Divinity which dwells in us  
And worship it, and nail our grosser selves,  
Our tempers, greeds, and our unworthy aims  
Upon the cross.

## THE OLD AND THE NEW THOUGHT VIEW OF LIFE

ONCE upon a time I read the following gloomy bit of pessimism from the pen of a man bright enough to know better than to add to the mental malaria of the world. He said :—

'Life is a hopeless battle in which we are foredoomed to defeat. And the prize for which we strive "to have and to hold"—what is it ? A thing that is neither enjoyed while had nor missed when lost. So worthless it is, so unsatisfying, so inadequate to purpose, so false to hope, and at its best so brief, that for consolation and compensation we set up fantastic faiths of an aftertime in a better world from which no confirming whisper has ever reached us out of the void. Heaven is a prophecy uttered by the lips of despair, but hell is an inference from history.'

This is morbid and unwholesome talk which can only harm the speaker and the listener.

It can depress and discourage the weak and struggling souls who are striving to make the best of circumstances, and it can nerve to suicide the hand of some half-crazed being who needed only a word of encouragement and cheer to brace up and win the race.

This is the unpardonable sin—to talk discouragingly to human souls hungering for hope.

When the man without brains does it, he can be pardoned for knowing no better.

When the man with brains does it, he should be ashamed to look his fellow-mortals in the eyes.

It is a sin ten times deeper dyed than giving a stone to those who ask for bread.

It is giving poison to those who plead for a cup of cold water.

Fortunately the remarks above quoted contain not one atom of truth!

The writer may speak for himself, but he has no right to speak for others.

It is all very well for a man who is marked

with smallpox to say his face has not one unscarred inch on the surface of it. But he has no premises to stand upon when he says there is not a face in the world which is free from smallpox scars.

Life is not 'a hopeless battle in which we are doomed to defeat.'

Life is a glorious privilege, and we can make anything we choose of it if we begin early, and are in deep earnest, and realise our own divine powers.

Nothing can hinder us or stay us. We can do and be whatsoever we will.

The prize of life is not 'a thing which is neither enjoyed while had nor missed when lost.'

It is enjoyed by millions of souls to-day—this great prize of life. I for one declare that for every day of misery in my existence, I have had a week of joy and happiness. For every hour of pain, I have had a day of pleasure. For every moment of worry, an hour of content.

I cannot be the only soul so endowed with the appreciation of life. I know scores of happy

people who enjoy the many delights of earth, and there are thousands whom I do not know.

Of course, 'life is not missed when lost!'—because it is never lost. It is indestructible.

Life ever was, and ever will be. It is a continuous performance.

It is not 'worthless' to the wholesome, normal mind. It is full of interest, and rich with opportunities for usefulness.

When any man says his life is worthless, it is because he has eyes and sees not, and ears and hears not.

It is his own fault, not the fault of God, fate or accident.

If every life seems at times 'unsatisfactory' and 'inadequate,' it is only due to the cry of the immortal soul longing for larger opportunities and fewer limitations.

Neither is life 'false to hope.' He who trusts the divine Source of Life shall find his hopes more than realised here upon earth. I but voice the knowledge of thousands of souls when I make this assertion. I know whereof I speak.

All that our dearest hopes desire will come to

us if we believe in ourselves as rightful heirs to Divine Opulence, and work and think always on those lines.

If ' no whisper has ever reached us out of the void ' confirming our faith in immortality, then one-third of the seemingly intelligent and sane beings of our acquaintance must be fools or liars. For we have the assertion of fully this number that such whispers have come, besides the biblical statistics of numerous messages from the other realm.

' As it was in the beginning, is now and ever more shall be, world without end. Amen.'

I often think but for our veiled eyes
We should find heaven right round about us lies.

THERE comes to me, from one in whom I believe, a story of clear seeing—a vision of a wonderful city on another plane, outside of the earth realm.

A city with beautiful streets, and fine architecture, and fair statuary, and alive with action, peopled with beings like, and yet unlike, the denizens of earth.

The friend who saw these things asks nothing of me, not even belief; he is one who has studied the psychic questions of the day for many years from a purely critical and scientific standpoint; and he goes about his daily avocations like any other practical and sensible human being, and is not seeking for money or glory or a following of devotees. He says little, indeed, to any one of what he has been enabled to learn of matters called supernormal or spiritual. And only by an accident of similar tastes and interests and

aspirations, the information of his latest and most interesting experience came to me.

Hundreds of my good friends will smile at my credulity for believing this man's vision to be more than the result of a disordered brain, or excited imagination.

Hundreds of the friends of Cyrus Field pitied those few deluded people who believed in his vision of an ocean cable.

Hundreds of the friends of Morse, and Franklin, and Marconi, and Edison have been 'sorry' for the poor victims of 'hallucinations,' yet all these friends have lived to acknowledge their own mistakes of judgment.

And so why may not all my doubting friends, if they live long enough, be forced to acknowledge here on earth their own lack of judgment in declaring the reports of the 'advance guards' along the spiritual picket line to be delusions ?

It is a curious phase of the mortal mind which causes it to so vehemently oppose beliefs which are of the utmost importance to human happiness and human development.

There is no geographical fact—no possible

realms beyond, or outside of, this earth plane.

Should the discovery of a wonderful and fertile continent at the North Pole be made, it could only interest us for a limited period of time; one hundred years from now no one of us would remain to enjoy its products or be entertained by its sights.

But the absolute knowledge and convincing proof that other continents existed beyond the earth, and the ability to see them with spiritual vision whenever we so desired, would render time impotent and take the sting, indeed, from death.

Personally, I do not imagine my friend saw 'heaven,' for I do not believe in any one locality in the further lands which bears that name. But I believe 'In my Father's house are many mansions,' and in my Father's universe are many continents and cities. And I think my friend saw one of the many. I have no doubt it was a spiritual city, inhabited by spiritual beings, and that innumerable others exist in

space—cities beautiful and unbeautiful, on higher and lower planes, according to the spiritual workmanship of the inhabitants.

I believe you and I to-day, and every hour of the day, are helping to build one of those cities; and just as we build, so shall our structure be when we leave this particular chemical formation in which our spirits now dwell and pass on to new realms. And when we reach that new region we shall find for neighbours those who have thought similar thoughts, held similar ambitions and committed similar actions while on this sphere. The scientific world has decided that 'Thought is Energy.' This energy will select our place of habitation in the life beyond, and therefore it behooves both you and me to direct our energy to good and beautiful purposes, if we wish a desirable location in one of the many 'cities not built by hands,' but by *thoughts*.

There is something wonderfully stimulating to the human mind in the very vaguest dream of such a city.

It gives new impetus to worthy action, new wings to hope, new comfort to sorrow, new solace

thing good seem enduring, and everything that is not good trivial and of small import. It makes the hurried transit of time in this little life seem of less importance, and arouses the heart from sad reveries over broken earthly ties to a consciousness of renewed friendships and affections in worlds beyond.

For those who have always longed for the beautiful and ideal, while compelled to live in sordid and commonplace surroundings, it gives the exquisite hope of compensation for disappointment and reward for patience.

All hail to the Cities Beyond!

May our eyes receive the inner vision to behold them while we are yet in the temporal body upon this plane.

And a new name shall Science henceforth wear,
The Great Religion of the Universe.

## THE ONWARD MARCH

WHEN the sentimentalists talk of the vulgarity of this mechanical age, and bemoan the increase of machine work, they do not realise that they are bemoaning the eventual evolution of man to something greater and more godlike than his present state.

When the working man sets his face against the introduction of a labour-saving machine he does not know it, but he is setting his face against the betterment of the lives of his children or his grandchildren.

When the stage-coach, with its regular mails, was first introduced into the country, the men who had carried mails on horseback across country declared the stage a monster which took bread from poor men's mouths. After the railroad came the stage-coach devotee made the same protest; and the steamship was

by the railroad; gas was considered the destruction of the lamp industry, and electric light was an invention of the devil to the gas company.

Yet each new invention made new industries for labour and created new occupations and new interests for humanity.

The sewing-machine brought consternation to the seamstresses and tailors; and the mower was regarded as an enemy of the poor man who had supported himself by wielding the scythe at haying and harvesting seasons.

Yet what one of us to-day would like to see this country dependent upon a mounted man riding across fields with the mail bag, or upon the fish oil lamp for light, or the sailboat and stage-coach for transportation, or the scythe for garnering the harvests, or upon the needle for all work in fashionable garments?

Every machine means emancipation for the mind of man.

I have not been stirred by anything in the world of art more powerfully than I was stirred

by the first sight of the steam sweeper. What freedom for woman lies in that invention once it becomes universal, as it will!

Woman is slow to avail herself of the benefits of man's inventive genius. She is inclined to drag along in the old grooves, saying the old-fashioned methods are good enough for her; but she is in the path of progress, and she is too sensible to be ground under its wheels. The day will come when all sweeping, washing, ironing, dish cleansing and other menial labour will be accomplished by the mere direction of a machine, and the beautiful hours of beautiful days will not be spent in back-breaking and mind-monopolising rounds of ever-recurring labour.

If any man ever went to the almshouse because of the advent of machinery, it was owing to his own lack of foresight and perseverance.

Temporarily, indeed, the individual may suffer from loss of his accustomed occupation; but if he keeps his mind alert and his eye open and his heart courageous, he will find new paths leading from the new inventions which offer

the old.

The railroad will serve as an example.

Where a score of men in a locality were driven out of business by the abandonment of the stage-coach, hundreds of men found occupation as conductors, engineers, porters, brakemen and switchmen, not to mention the more profitable positions as officers of the road.

From the building and marketing of sewing-machines and mowers and reapers, more families have derived support than were driven from business by their introduction.

The world will not, cannot, must not, stand still because a few slow and satisfied people have fallen into a groove and are dazed at the thought of essaying any other method of life.

Progress is like a mighty engine, and those who are standing in its way must be struck down.

Safety can only be found in getting out of the way.

The man who attempted to start a large enterprise in the manufacture of sperm oil

lamps after the arrival of gas as a means of illumination need not blame the gas company for his failure.

It was due to his own lack of perception.

The manufacture of gas fixtures would have brought him a fortune.

Always look for the opportunity lying in the wake of progress; do not undertake anything which means defiance to new inventions.

Do not imagine you can persuade the masses to stay behind with old fashions and old methods.

However you may approve them, however they may excel the new ideas in many respects, you will be wise to save your breath, vitality and time for more profitable undertakings.

Man is rapidly paving the way for a wonderful era of mental and spiritual development.

The work of the world is becoming systematised, and machinery is relieving overtaxed minds and bodies of the labouring world.

Science and invention are working hand in hand, and before the end of this century discoveries will be made which to-day would rank

with miracles. Man is only beginning to suspect that he has a soul, independent of his body. In a very short period of time all intelligent beings will know the truth, understood only by the awakened few to-day.

Keep your mind receptive, that you may inherit the kingdom which awaits you.

Lift up your eyes!

Not like a daring, bold, aggressive boy
Is inspiration, eager to pursue;
But rather like a maiden, fond, yet coy,
Who gives herself to him who best doth woo.

## COMMON SENSE IDEAS IN MARRIAGE

HAPPINESS in married life is to be gained just as enduring happiness in any phase of existence on earth is to be found—by the use of the old-fashioned virtues of unselfishness, consideration for others, politeness and kindness, all based on love and capped by common sense.

Like the old recipe for cooking the hare, which begins, ' First catch your hare,' a happy marriage for a woman begins with, ' First select a *man* '—not an ideal-made seraph, not an ossified brain, not a mere animal, but a *man* capable of loving and appreciating a woman's love.

Of course he will be more or less selfish. That is the way parents rear their sons to be. It is your task to bear with this selfishness at first, until you can tactfully teach him how beautiful

is thoughtfulness for others, and in a very sweet but very dignified way, show him that you expect the same treatment you give.

In the meantime you must recollect that you are a faulty woman—and probably spoiled by your parents if you are an American woman—and you must not assume a superior air over your husband when you find out his faults, merely because they are unlike your own.

Whenever he does or says anything which annoys or pains you, say to yourself: 'I must avoid ever saying or doing that in my treatment of him.'

Then some day when he tells you of a fault you possess, put your arm about his shoulder and say: 'Let us enter into a Mutual Improvement Society. I want to be everything you admire—you want to be everything I admire.

'I will try and do my part and you must do yours. We are business associates for life, in God's Great Syndicate of Love—let us work together for a perfectly happy marriage.'

If your husband has whims, harmless whims, such as wanting his meals at certain hours promptly, or wanting you to be ready on time when you are going out, make every effort to gratify him.

Be willing to sacrifice yourself to some extent to do this, but if you do as he wishes eight times without any word of approval from him and fail twice, and he is irritable in consequence, remind him gently of his lack of reasonableness and tell him that you need encouragement for your good deeds as well as reproofs for your shortcomings. Then persist in your efforts to please him.

Believe in your husband and expect him to be everything your heart desires. Say to yourself every day that he loves you; that he is good, loyal, kind, worthy and successful. Praise him; sympathise with his business life, his aims, pleasures and occupations.

Be his friend and comrade as well as his sweetheart and home-keeper. Remember that a woman makes the atmosphere of the home.

I have seen a cheerful, optimistic woman, who saw a humorous side to every trouble in life, utterly transform a gloomy and fretful natured man into a jolly and good-humoured being.

If a man is certain he will find cheer, peace, mirthfulness, order, sympathy and love at home, he is certain to set his sail for that port with the same anticipation with which the mariner seeks his own harbour after a stormy voyage.

Of course we must make allowances for the occasional lawless and drunken mariner who sends his ship on the rocks, and the worthless husband who does not appreciate life's best gifts.

There are men whom no woman on God's earth could keep loyal or honest, but they are exceptions.

Be clean, neat and coquettish in your dress at home and in the privacy of your rooms with your husband.

Never let him see you in soiled or careless garments, and let him realise, tactfully, that

you expect the same refinements from him. Nothing is commonplace in the daily associations of life to two beings who love each other, if they do not allow themselves to fall into vulgarities.

Mystery, romance and charm can hang for ever about the wife, as well as about the mistress, if the wife so chooses. The husband can always, at every approach, be the Prince Charming to anchor the enchanted Princess with his first kiss, if he is skilled enough in love's arts and refined enough to wish to keep the interesting rôle.

And in all love's ways man is much given to following woman's lead.

If you possess no independent income of your own, have an understanding during your honeymoon in regard to money matters.

Ask for an allowance to be set apart for your use, in order that no humiliating and indelicate discussions need ever occur between you on this subject. Then study to be economical and thrifty and wise in your use of your allowance.

Love, sense and patience—those are the three important elements necessary to happiness in marriage.

Much has been said and written of the woman who keeps her little worries and troubles of the kitchen and nursery to entertain her husband with when he returns home after business hours.

She has been chided and urged to remember how much her husband needs her cheerful face to greet him at home and her bright, hopeful conversation to drive away the load of cares which beset his weary mind.

All this is very true. There are always women who forget that man's business life is not one perpetual fête, and that his home is frequently the only place to which he can turn for real rest and peace of mind.

But observation impresses upon my mind the conviction that very few business men leave their office and shop worries and anxieties behind them when they enter the domestic door at eventide.

They carry them into the home and expect

the wife to be entertained with them. If she endeavours to change the subject they feel that she is not interested in their affairs, and that she is heartless and indifferent.

If they do not talk their worries at home, they act them, which is quite as bad, if not worse.

I have seen a happy, optimistic, loving woman's face, beaming with pleasure at the sound of her husband's latchkey in the door, changed to sadness and depression in half an hour by the gloom and nervousness of a really kind-hearted man, who had not the forethought or self-control to throw his business troubles off before entering his home.

Even if a man is so tired and worn by a swarm of petty and harrowing troubles, or by giant burdens, that he cannot at once lift himself into a state of cheerfulness or serenity, he might at least make some effort to avoid spoiling a loving woman's whole evening by his preoccupation and depression.

It is, of course, a duty and a pleasure for a sympathetic wife to soothe and cheer and dis-

tract a man's mind from care; but it is equally a thoughtful man's duty to save a wife all the unnecessary worry possible.

Nothing weakens a character sooner than the habit of taking all its troubles to another life to bear vicariously and ignoring its own duty for self-reliance, cheerfulness and courage.

The coming home of the beloved man is the event of the day for the loving woman, no matter how full her life may be of agreeable duties or social pleasures. If four or five days out of the six week-days he comes home with the 'blues,' just so many days are spoiled for her.

If she is continually called upon to stimulate and sympathise and cheer, the drain upon her vital and spiritual forces becomes exhausting, and the character of the man grows surely, if unconsciously, weaker by the process.

A wife creates the atmosphere of the home—but the husband must do his part as well if sunshine is to prevail there. Its rays will be dimmed if he persists in transforming himself

into a large black cloud, or a bank of fog. It is a relief, now and then, for a wife to tell her husband all the vexations of the day and to have his sympathetic counsel; and just so, on occasions, it is a comfort for a man to take his troubles home to a loving mate and talk them over. But it is a great mistake when either one settles into the habit of loading the other's shoulders with a burden of worries, described or unexpressed.

And I fear in these days this grave error is made more frequently by the husband than by the wife.

Many a time the head of the household imagines he is doing all his duty by working incessantly and keeping his family in comfort or luxury.

If he exhausts all of his hope and cheerfulness in his labour, and has nothing to take home to his family but his depression and nervousness, he is doing his wife and children a greater injury than he would if he worked less and provided them with fewer material benefits.

A home needs something besides receipted bills to render it a happy haven for a family.

Lean on thyself, yet prop thyself with Prayer;
For there are spirits, Messengers of Light,
Who come at call and fortify thy strength.

## THE SHADING OF THE PICTURE

ELBERT HUBBARD quotes and reiterates the saying of John Wesley that he never had a mood of despondency which lasted more than a half-hour in all his life.

While I am an advocate of optimism as the foundation of happiness, success, health and usefulness, yet I believe there is great spiritual growth found at times in a season of despondency and self-analysis.

It is in such hours that we take mental stock, that we view ourselves under the searchlight, and that we discover how closely we resemble the 'other people,' those 'others' who have been the subject of our criticisms and our aversions, perhaps. It is when we feel 'blue' that we understand many racial weaknesses and faults, and we come closer to all erring and suffering humanity. As the skies are more

beautiful sometimes seen through a rainbow, so humanity is more beautiful seen through our tears.

It would have been better for the world had John Wesley indulged in a few moods of such enlightening despondency. One such season might have taught him the inconsistency of his belief in hellfire and brimstone as godly means of punishment. He would have realised how wholly self-made is each hell.

The man who remains always and for ever satisfied and cheerful, is dangerously near becoming an egotist.

He is so certain that he is all right that he is sure everybody else is all wrong.

It requires a touch of shadow to make a perfect picture.

He who has never known hunger has never known real enjoyment in a repast.

The deepest harmonies in music must unite the minor with the major chords.

The earth must suffer by storm and frost before it can produce its fullest harvest.

I do not believe it is possible for a human

being to attain the very best of which he is capable without seasons of gloom, despondency and almost despair.

It is in such seasons that we reach up, beyond our lesser selves, and find God.

And it is in such seasons that we realise our kinship to all who have struggled and toiled and overcome.

The man born rich, who never knows the strain and pain of poverty, cannot sympathise with millions of his fellow-men who lie awake at night, anxious hearted and sleepless eyed, because of unsupplied material needs.

The man who has never known despondency cannot get into the inmost heart of his despondent brother and help him to rise above his fears and worries, showing him the way by which he himself has climbed.

Therefore I say to you, be not discouraged with your mental state, even if, unlike the two illustrious men named above, you sometimes fall into the deep valleys of shadow, and walk in gloom for a season, and see no path leading higher.

You are but gathering strength for a fuller understanding of life, a fuller and richer comprehension of your kind, and you will surely, surely, if you watch and wait, and *try*, find the path that leads out again, up the mountain-side. And when you see the sun of hope once more it will shine with greater lustre, and your eyes will have wider vision because of your sojourn in the valley.

God's lessons for us mortals are not all written in illuminated texts—many of the letters are shaded and dark.

Believe always that each lesson *is* from God, and walk on into the sunlight. It shines over the hill farther on.

There is no sin in an occasional descent into the valley of despair—the sin is in remaining there, and shutting the eyes to the heights.

All men are unawakened gods.

## WOMAN AND THE CIGARETTE

THE growing tendency of woman to smoke must be regarded as a misfortune to the race by all who think deeper than the surface of things.

It is useless to say that the vice is no more injurious to woman than to man. The subject does not end there. Until nature provides some other way for the race to obtain birth than its present method, the habits and thoughts of woman are *of greater importance to the world than those of men.*

Every child comes into the world strongly impressed by the prenatal condition surrounding the mother.

Science has proven that the poorly nourished and ill-fed mother produces an anæmic and weakly child, and that drinking mothers produce diseased or abnormal children. In countries where great poverty exists, and where women

are the burden bearers, the race is almost always undersized.

The accumulation of proofs that the thoughts of the mother affect the child before birth is overwhelming.

Physically and psychically the mother's part in making her child what it proves to be is so great that it borders close upon omnipotence. Napoleon's mother read histories of war and was fired with the conquests of great warriors before his birth. A woman of my acquaintance has an abnormal appetite for fruit because before her birth her mother was living on a ranch where fruit was not to be obtained.

The suppressed desires, tendencies and appetites are more frequently given to the children than those which are indulged and gratified. Therefore it is most important that a woman who ever hopes to become a mother should not create a habit, appetite or taste which, by its indulgence, will harm her child physically, or, by its suppression, will harm it mentally.

The woman who fills her system with nicotine while carrying a child under her heart could

not expect to give that child a good constitution.

The woman who craved cigarettes continually, and resisted, would give the child that craving.

Hundreds of young girls think a surreptitious cigarette is 'great fun.'

If it ends at that, as it does in the majority of cases, no harm is done. It does not pay in this world to be too strait-laced, or, as a bright woman expressed it, 'to be always tightly buttoned up.' But it *does pay* to so control our habits, appetites and customs that *we are masters*, and that our minds and bodies are kept clean, wholesome and well poised; and to so live that our children will receive only the best influence for their earthly portion of the incarnation to which we call them.

Upon the condition of the mind of the mother depends greatly the *kind of spiritual ego* she calls from space for re-birth. To that ego are added the physical inheritance from the parents and ancestors and the prenatal influences of the mother.

Every new-born child is, therefore, a wonder-

fully composite creature, but the mother who understands the law of prenatal influence, and adds to it a knowledge of what can be done by the right training of the *human plant*, as Luther Burbank expresses it in his wonderful book, can make her child into what she wishes it to be.

It is a remarkable fact that the present growth of the cigarette habit among women is largely due to men. I know at least a score of men who have taught their wives to smoke. They declare it is 'sociable' and makes the woman more 'companionable.'

Yet several of these men have been deeply concerned when the habit grew upon their wives.

A gifted and beautiful young wife of my acquaintance smokes so incessantly that she is obliged to take a 'rest cure' in some sanatorium once or twice a year.

Then, after clearing her system of nicotine, she begins to fill it again. And never once does she admit to herself that the cigarette habit is the cause of her nervous breakdown. She

always thinks it is due to her ‘ artistic tempera-ment ’ and over-brainwork.

It is to be regretted that women who occupy prominent positions in the world of society or of art do not feel the *noblesse oblige* which prevents a woman from placing her personal sanction on a habit which is an injury to the sex at large and to coming generations.

Who giveth love to all,
Pays kindness for unkindness, smiles for frowns,
And lends new courage to each fainting heart,
And strengthens hope and scatters joy abroad,
He, too, is a Redeemer, Son of God.

## SINNING AGAINST THE 'HOLY GHOST'

NEVER since the beginning of history was there such a spiritual awakening in the minds of men as has taken place in the last few years. It is not a sudden emotional phase, but a growing flame of desire for greater knowledge and for freedom of thought. It affects all classes, and is to some degree felt and understood by the most ignorant as well as by the most frivolous.

While it is certain to bring humanity to a higher standard eventually, it is causing many abnormal phases to display themselves in the meantime. Most abnormal of all is the phase which strikes at the root of domestic life and destroys conjugal happiness in the name of religion.

There is a growing class of women who believe they have been 'awakened' spiritually, and who are convinced by their 'Teachers' first, and

through their own 'Higher Convictions' afterward, that love should exist only on the spiritual plane, and that men and women should live and love as disembodied spirits are supposed to live and love.

From reliable sources the astonishing and almost incredible information has come that an order of '*religious*' enthusiasts exists which recommends the mutilation of the body as a means of spiritualising the mind. This is not among savage or ignorant people, but among the educated and refined women of the land, mind you.

Could there be a more insulting act shown the *Creator*? Could there be a more utter abandonment of the *divine power, and will, and self-control,* which are the God qualities given us to use in the development of character?

These same religious devotees will tell you that the Hindoo who holds his arm in one position until it becomes paralysed, to show his love of God, or that the Lhassa priest who disembowels himself alive for the same purpose, is a pagan and a savage. Yet common sense

tells us that *all abnormal and unnatural methods of life followed in the name of religion are of the same school,* and that school belongs in the realm of *unbalanced minds.* God does not want and does not approve of any method of life which upsets His divinely planned order of human existence.

It is just as great a crime to starve, torture and mutilate your own body as that of another. Every organ, impulse, appetite, affection and passion was given you to *conserve for the highest purpose.* Just as your hands need the ten fingers, and your feet the ten toes, and your face two eyes and ears, and a nose, and mouth, to be a perfect human body, so you need all your emotions and appetites and desires to be a perfect being. Just as you need to use the organs of your body for noble purposes, and your hands for worthy service, and your feet for willing journeys at the bidding of *good,* so you need to turn all your impulses to the development of a perfect character.

The craze for fasting has become a disease in America among many orders of religious fanatics.

Without doubt an occasional fast of a day is excellent for the overtaxed digestion, as a day of rest is excellent for the overworked man or beast. Occasionally seasons of living upon milk and raw foods are good for the body and mind. But long agonising fasts, and the idea that we must exist like the air plants on our respirations and aspirations, and never eat anything which we like, in order to become 'spiritual'—that is a phase of emotional insanity.

The wife who loves her husband and who knows that he is her loyal lover and friend, yet who is carried away by her religious mania to the extent of believing that she must live only in the realm of the spirit with him—she, too, has become insane and needs a specialist to look after her condition. She is sinning against God, who made men and women to be not only spiritual and mental, but physical mates.

We have no right to attempt to overturn God's kingdom on earth and to starve and mutilate and crucify ourselves, to establish any order of life which is unnatural and premature.

*Live the best and highest order of this life* before

you attempt another. Be the best *wife*, the best *mother*, the best *friend*, the best *woman* possible before you try to become the best *saint* or *angel*.

To be the best wife to the good self-controlled husband who respects your womanhood, you need to be human as God intended you to be when He made human beings. He made the trees, the plants, the animals and the human family all with various impulses, and had He not respected these impulses enough to make them universal they would not exist.

To starve or destroy, by unnatural methods, any part of the nature is as wicked as to abuse and misuse it. You have no right to brand as base or ignoble what God created.

To be the best Mother, Friend and Woman possible, sympathy and charity and understanding of the everyday life of your kind must be cultivated. You must be human and wholesome and natural and loving. You must not attempt to stand upon a pedestal and pose for the admiration of those below you. Instead of trying to call people up to a chilly height, you

must go along with them, and if you stumble and fall now and then, show them how quickly a human being can rise and brush off the dust and go on higher. This will do the world tenfold more good than all your fastings and soarings and all the crucifyings of your normal nature.

When God is ready to take you out of the body it will then be time for you to practise wholly spiritual methods of life.

While He indicates His desire that you remain in the body, live like a good, sensible human being, and make every one about you happy and comfortable. Of course humanity needs high ideals to lead it away from self-indulgence.

But it is a poor way to try and cure a man of gourmandising by starving him to death. The wiser way is to make him understand the delight of self-control, and the purpose for which the appetite was bestowed by the Creator. To remove his digestive organs and sustain his life by hypodermic injections of food might relieve him of hunger's pangs, but it would not develop his character like helping him to conserve his appetite for the sustaining of life and the normal

pleasures of the table. Every time we control an abnormal or unwise appetite of any kind we grow in mental and spiritual power and in the development of character. But that does not mean that we are to deny the body food upon all occasions or starve the nature at every turn.

To ruin your home life by trying to prove yourself a spirit is a sin against God, yourself and humanity.

Faith cannot rescue and no blood redeem
The soul that will not reason and resolve.

## NEW THOUGHTS AND BEAUTY

MR. MARCEL PREVOST once said that beauty no longer rules the world. Women of brains now take the sceptre, he claimed.

It is possible that Mr. Prevost was merely a little belated in his discovery.

Some of the greatest women the world has ever known—women who have helped to make history and to change the atlas of the earth—were women of greater brains than beauty.

Cleopatra was not beautiful, according to the artist's ideal. Indeed, there is every reason to believe that she lacked size, symmetry and youth, when she wielded her most powerful sway over men and nations.

Nobody knows how Helen of Troy looked, but the statement has been made by learned men that she was past forty when she turned the world into a theatre where a continu-

ous performance of battle took place on her account.

Aspasia was more famed for her talents than for her physical attractions, though she was a beautiful woman. She was said to have written part of Pericles's famous funeral oration and was accused of bringing on a war with Samos. Her house was the centre of literary and philosophical circles in Athens.

Catharine of Russia is remembered for her marvellous achievements—as a statesman, warrior and friend to art and literature and for her many lovers. So masculine a nature as hers could not have dwelt in a femininely beautiful body.

The great beauties who have ruled their worlds to any important extent have always coupled brains and tact with their physical charms.

Ninon de L'Enclos was exceptionally gifted mentally, and so was Madame Récamier. Neither woman could have exerted so vast and permanent an influence by beauty alone.

Very many of their subjects who imagined

they worshipped at beauty's shrine were undoubtedly held in bondage by other qualities.

Without question, the world respects and admires intellect in women more to-day than in former eras.

There was a time—the time of Aspasia and her contemporaries—when a woman was obliged to rank herself among the *déclasse,* if she wished for a general education.

To think outside of domestic and sentimental subjects was supposed to unsex her. A woman was forced to defy conventionalities and forgo domesticity, if she insisted upon being intellectual.

The progress of the world has changed all that.

Woman is allowed to do as she pleases in the mental realm, and her achievements are applauded and respected. The intelligent girl puts the ignorant beauty to confusion.

But the really wise, as well as brainy woman, knows the value of beauty, and cultivates it.

Beauty is, after all, a matter of individual opinion.

There is no standard by which it can be decided to please everybody.

The most exquisite brunette of personal attractions will be found lacking in charm by somebody who adores blondes and *vice versâ*. The tall Diana will be criticised by the lover of the 'pocket Venus.' Let either woman, however, add mental charm and tact (of all things, tact, which is the result of kindness and breeding), and she may have the world at her feet.

I do not believe a half-dozen authentic cases can be found in history where droll and ignorant beauties maintained a long reign in the world of fashion. Beauty attracts, but it must be supplemented by other qualities to hold more than one infatuated man—and even that rarely occurs.

Every day we may observe beautiful women neglected for plainer ones, who know how to amuse and entertain men.

If we carefully study the lives of the beautiful and brainless women of every era, we will find they were never permanent rulers. They were

compelled to seek new audiences constantly, and their lovers left them for other charmers. This is not true of the mentally endowed beauty. In the career of Mlle. de L'Enclos, which lasted until her eightieth year, it is said only one of her many admirers ever wearied of her, so completely was she skilled in the art of fascination, which means simply the ability to entertain.

I hope Mr. Prevost's idea that men have ceased to demand beauty in women will never be exemplified by fact.

I do not believe it will. Never were women so wisely prepared to combat time and his train of petty persecutors, care, and worry, and disease, as now.

Science and specialists are teaching them how to preserve complexion and form into old age.

The New Thought Science is teaching them how to illuminate features by expression—the expression of the Divine Self—which is to mere beauty of face what the electric spark is to the porcelain globe.

The old ideas of gloomy, pessimistic piety,

which used to elongate the faces of many devout believers in hell fire and eternal damnation, have given way to a religion of cheerful optimism and love, which radiates the countenance and defies age.

The outdoor life which women indulge in so universally now is another aid to beauty and good health! And it seems safe to predict that the coming generation of women will combine brains and physical beauty as never before in the history of the race.

Back of thy parents and grandparents lies
The great Eternal Will. That, too, is thine
Inheritance—strong, beautiful, divine.

## FAMOUS AND INFAMOUS WOMEN

IF you have access to a good library (as you surely have in these days of many libraries), devote a half-hour a day, at least, to reading history.

Select histories which will tell you about the famous rulers, kings, queens, emperors, statesmen, senators of old.

Read about the Medicis, Catharine of Russia, Cleopatra, Napoleon, the doges of Venice, the queens of England, the kings of France and the famous and infamous women who ruled their courts—and, after you have read, think about the poor little fleeting time of glory mixed with misery which these people enjoyed.

They were all eaten up with fear, jealousy, rivalries and hatred. Fathers and sons, mothers and sons, became enemies when personal ambition stood between them; enemies to the death. Charles v. of Spain

was a party to the murder of his own son; Cleopatra led an army against her son; Nero plotted to kill his own mother, and a hundred instances could be cited where men and women famous in the annals of history as great rulers connived at the murder or imprisonment of their own next of kin in order to retain or obtain a little fleeting temporal power.

The number of women who sold self-respect, honour, virtue and all claim to the world's respect for the sake of shining in the courts of kings is legion.

One is led to question why so many such famous men and women of history are at the same time *infamous.*

Reason will explain.

*Concentration of thought, unswerving purpose and intensity of feeling* are what bring results in this life. Whether this combination is directed to good or bad objects, the result is obtained; the object is gained.

We remember those people because they were *vital influences in the world;* they *felt, thought and lived intensely.* They lived selfish and evil

lives, ofttimes because they knew no better; their aims were unworthy of their mental endowments; but they suffered the punishments of their own errors and sins by the continual state of fear in which they dwelt; fear that their schemes would be detected; that their plots would be revealed; that their own confederates would turn against them, as they frequently did, and fear of assassination and poison from their enemies.

We cannot envy them their ill-gained power and glory.

But we can learn from them the *lesson of the law of intense feeling and concentrated thought.*

In this more enlightened age we know murder does not pay; that anything which is gained at the cost of another life is not worth while. We have grown to where our statesmen do not murder one another or their own children to gain power and position.

But if our philanthropic men, our great reformers and our makers of thought to-day would put the same amount of vital force into their undertakings which actuated those wicked

old celebrities, there is nothing which might not be accomplished for the good of humanity.

A good and bright woman, who has lived a long life of loneliness and has maintained her self-respect and the respect of her fellow-beings, asked recently why the women of history were, as a rule, so disreputable in conduct, and why time continued to emblazon their names with immortality. She did not understand the law of thought; she did not realise that *thought is energy,* and that negative virtue and quiet and placid mental conditions achieve little for an individual, or for the race at large.

Goodness and virtue and all the qualities which go toward the constructive forces of nature ought to be *vital and intense.* Only so can they combat the destructive forces in the world.

Many a good woman has placidly loved her husband and been forgotten by him and the world; but the world remembers Heloïse and Cleopatra because they *loved intensely.*

However misdirected the love may have been, it was yet a vital flame that burned its path

along the centuries and commanded the memory of the world.

It has been the trend of modern education to eradicate all intense feeling from the heart of the race.

The education which does this for humanity destroys all possible hope of great achievements for the future.

Many of the great people of history were possessed of the same force which is contained in destructive lightning. It behooves us not to do away with lightning, but to direct its power into *radiant energy,* into beneficent electricity.

Then we may all become 'Saviours of the World' and hasten the millennium of universal peace.

That era can never be brought about by international congresses of amiable, good-intentioned people, who meet and mildly talk over their theories.

Were one human being to sweep across the world to-day fired with the same tremendous impulse for *peace* which actuated Napoleon for

war, Cleopatra for power, Heloïse for love, universal disarmament would result.

Joan of Arc is a shining example of what such a concentrated purpose for good can accomplish.

It is no wonder her name grows more radiant with the passing of centuries.

A gloomy Christian is a paradox.

## ENEMIES TO HAPPINESS

REMORSE and Regret are both enemies to Success and Happiness. Regret wastes our time, taking us back over the fields of lost pleasures, departed youth and missed opportunities. She leads us to cemeteries, and bids us sit by old tombs and weep for those who cannot return to us here.

Such an hour may prove a means of spiritual growth, if it is an exceptional experience. But when Regret is our daily companion, and when she rises with us in the morning, walks beside us all day and retires with us and directs our dreams at night, she is our worst enemy.

She is wasting the strength which should be given to spiritual and mental growth; the growth which will enable us to become philosophers and to earn immortality.

He who spends his time in regretting lost

youth is not growing into beautiful maturity or an attractive old age.

He who continually mourns for the departed loved ones is not keeping pace with them in spirit growth, and he is widening the distance between possible reunions.

The disembodied spirit is going forward in the planes beyond; unless we go forward here, how can we hope for a reunion?

However inevitable and lasting may be the loneliness and sorrow we feel for those passed on, we must not make Regret our daily companion. We must work and grow, and Regret does not permit us to do either.

Remorse is even a greater enemy to our best development. She keeps us standing by the decaying corpses of our old errors, faults and sins.

She keeps us thinking of what we have done or left undone, instead of what *we can do.*

Remorse is a carrion crow in disguise, pretending to be interested in our spiritual regeneration.

There is no regeneration in the contemplation of past errors. Put them under your feet;

think of them only as stepping-stones for the future heights you are to climb.

The past is past; the present and the future only concern you. Put Regret and Remorse out of your door and refuse to associate with them.

Hope and Resolve are your companions for the future.

Attune thyself to harmonies divine.
All, all are written in the key of love;
Keep to the score and thou hast nought to fear.
Achievements yet undreamed of shall be thine.

## THE NEW YEAR

THE New Year suggests new ideals, new ambitions, new aspirations, new efforts to refined souls. Even the dull and worldly-minded are induced to plan some new move, to better their lives at this season of the year.

Many men and women who have been living in folly and sin make an effort to begin over again with the New Year and to abandon their evil ways.

It is not an easy thing to do, for—

When a man tries to pull himself up out of sin
The Devil stands ready to push him back in.

But let no single relapse discourage the soul that really longs for a higher plane of life. Just in proportion to the strength of your desire for anything on earth is your strength to obtain it.

Whatever you wish to be, if you are a sane and normal-minded being, that you *can be.* 'We will be what we will to be.' It is not sane or normal to wish to be a Shakespeare, a Mozart, a Michelangelo, or any other great genius if you possess no marked talent.

These colossal souls came into the world endowed with qualities which they earned in past lives.

But no matter how devoid of talent or genius you may be, remember you have an immortal mind and a will bestowed upon you by Divine Power, and with that mind and will you can achieve whatever you desire, if you are persistent and patient.

Start the New Year with that belief. Make some effort toward what you desire to accomplish to-day. Do not postpone it until to-morrow. To-morrow you must make the second step. Each day you must in some way proceed a little nearer to your aim.

If a combination of circumstances prevents you from making progress one day, double your efforts the next. If you have resolved to over-

come some habit, and in a moment of weakness you fail in your resolve, do not think that signifies that you have no will power, and that you must go on in the old way. It was Confucius who said: 'Not in never falling do we show our strength, but in the ability to rise and go on to the goal.'

We all stumble and fall in pursuit of our ideals, but that does not prove that our ideals are worthless, or that we will not attain to them in time.

Try and take a half-hour or an hour alone with yourself each day this year. Sit down very quietly and think of the worthy and unselfish things you would like to do, and believe you are to be shown the way to do them. Ask for light and guidance, and it will be given. Breathe deep breaths, filling every lung cell. Physical, mental and spiritual power will result.

Start the New Year with a resolve to *be kind.*

Those are small words, but they have a vast meaning.

Perhaps you may imagine you are always kind now, but if you watch yourself for an entire day you will find how difficult it is to be really kind—to treat each human being and animal as you would wish to be treated.

We all talk loudly of the need of the churches to establish a religion of brotherhood in the world, but what are we doing toward it ourselves ?

Watch your tongue, that you speak only kind words, and watch your mind, that it harbours only kind thoughts. That is resolve enough to make for one year. If you do that, you will take a long step toward ' saving ' your own soul and evangelising the world, for all that evangelisation means is kindness—love of God and our fellow-men. Begin your efforts toward kindness with those nearest you—at home, in business, in society. Extend them to public places and in shops, stores, train and street ; think and act kindness, amiability, good nature, cheerfulness, peace.

You will be astonished at your influence as the months go by, and you will know that you are

helping to bring about the conditions you desire in the world.

Though mine be narrow, and yours be broad,
On my ladder alone can I climb to God.

## ENTHUSIASM

WHATEVER you are doing, cultivate enthusiasm for your task. Enthusiasm is the first ingredient of success, and the second is great achievement. The first must be talent for your work.

Success, from a worldly point of view, may come without talent if you have enough enthusiasm and perseverance.

I asked an art critic why he did not consider a certain painting under observation a real work of art.

He answered : It lacks enthusiasm. I think the artist who painted it was not enthusiastic and not positive enough. The result shows in a painting which just misses being good.'

Perhaps the artist might say that he could feel no enthusiasm when obliged to make art boil his pot.

One hears much such talk in the world.

But some of the greatest works of men in all fields of art have been created under conditions of distressing need.

The flame which is lighted to boil a tea-kettle can be as beautiful and as intense as one which is lighted merely to observe.

If the kettle hinders the flame from rising higher, it often sends it out in a wider circuit.

And when the pot is boiling and removed, the flame has gained enough power to warm a whole house.

Whatever you are doing in the way of work, therefore, remember to keep the flame bright and fervent, for therein lies your best hope of making the world appreciate your efforts.

Exactly what you are thinking and feeling about your task will affect all those who see it.

If you are mechanical and phlegmatic, working like a machine, and wishing your task over, do not expect to stir the world with what you achieve, however perfect may be your technique.

If you are devoid of enthusiasm, know that those who look upon the finished result will be likewise.

I knew a man who wrote sentences which were like perfect mosaics, so beautifully rounded and exquisite were they.

His great desire was to become a novelist. When his novel appeared it was a beautiful piece of literature, yet it failed to interest the public. Speaking of it, the man said he had driven himself to finish the book after losing all interest in the characters. Often he kept away from his work for weeks, forgetting his characters, and being obliged to read the work over to pick up the lost thread, and then fairly hating the book.

It was small wonder it failed.

This man was an essayist. He had loved to write brief and brilliant articles which could be finished at a sitting.

When he attempted to write a novel he went outside of his true sphere, and the interest and enthusiasm which characterise his other work were lacking.

Inspiration and enthusiasm, however, are frequently waiting close by for the call of the artist or artisan in any work. It is an erroneous

idea to imagine they must come first and impel to action. Whatever your work, do not wait for inspiration to coax you or force you to application.

A great painter told me he went every day to his studio during working months and invited inspiration, however coy and elusive, to come to his aid.

Many of his most beautiful creations had been accomplished after a seemingly hopeless beginning.

To make some effort at achievement each day and to *keep working*—that is the way to attain proficiency and reach final results. And to focus the mind on the task and feel that it is the most important effort in the world while it lasts is to give it a vital quality which will affect all who contemplate it afterward.

Cultivate interest and enthusiasm.

No mortal yet has measured his full force ;
It is a river, rising in God's thought,
And emptying in the soul of man.

## BRACE UP

IF you are discouraged and blue, and life looks hard and the future hopeless to-day, do not grow cowardly and think of self-destruction as the door of escape.

*You did not make yourself. You cannot unmake yourself.*

By no process of reasoning can you explain this wonderful marvel of the life principle within you. Science has found all the ingredients which compose an egg chemically, and an egg which resembles the hen's product can be manufactured.

*But it will not produce life.* A certain low order of fish life has been produced in the chemical laboratory. *But the germs spawned by the fish had first to be employed.*

Nothing can produce life but that unnamable mysterious Power back of the universe. Created beings carry on the life principle through suc-

ceeding generations and centuries, but its production and creation remain God's secret. He who imagines he can destroy that principle is as great a fool as he who says he can explain it. And he is a criminal besides.

All that death does is to shift the scene of action to another form and plane.

If you are miserable and unhappy you do not become happy by going to another town or state. You carry your wretchedness with you.

It is precisely the same when you rush out of the body by your own act. If you are called out of the body by the same Power that brought you into the world, then it is safe to suppose that conditions are ready for you to start anew in another place.

Wait for that call.

The actor who rushes upon the stage before his cue is given spoils the play and ruins his own chances for glory.

Keep behind the earthly scenes until you hear the call. Meanwhile think well of your lines and be ready to do your best when called.

However discouraged you may be, thousands of successful and happy people in the world to-day have been just as discouraged and unhappy as you are at some time in their lives.

In Greater New York there lives to-day a woman who less than a year ago harboured dark, despairing thoughts of suicide.

She had made a mistake; she had lost her self-respect, and every imaginable trouble seemed to threaten her. Hunger and misery for those dear to her and dependent upon her, with despair and remorse, all combined to turn her thoughts toward the coward's goal—suicide.

But seeming accident deterred her, and now in less than a year all has changed. She has risen to new spiritual and moral heights, she has obtained work and is leading a good, useful, Christian life.

She is making those dear to her happy and comfortable.

How much better than to have sunk them in the depths of a lifelong sorrow by a rash attempt at self-destruction—an attempt which destroys only the outer shell, but leaves the

real being to suffer on until it works out and expiates its crime.

No matter what your troubles are to-day, a year may scatter them and leave you with new hope and new interest in life.

If you are an invalid, a year may restore your strength.

This is a wonderful age, and people are beginning to realise that health is greatly within one's own control.

Simple food, well masticated, as little meat as possible, much water, continual deep breathing to feed the body with pure oxygen, and continued assertions of health and strength, from the source of all energy, will restore three-fourths of the invalids on earth, with no aid of medical skill. A two or three months', or even weeks', diet of raw vegetables, or milk and eggs, would restore half of the remainder, if coupled with the right mental attitude and exercise.

The day is nearing when sickness will mean disgrace or lack of brain.

If you have no money and no employment,

make up your mind that both are coming to you. If starvation seems imminent, go to the nearest house in the country and tell your condition. Not one door in one hundred will shut you out before bestowing a saving meal. If you are in a city, the blessed Salvation Army will help you and will tell you of places to find shelter until you can look about and gain courage for a fresh start.

Unlike most of our orthodox churches, their rooms are open night and day, and in all parts of the city in every city in the Union they are to be found. They are doing just the work Christ did when upon earth. No matter if your creed is not theirs to the letter, they will help you to rise and keep out of the morgue and the potter's field.

After you have rested for a day, brace up morally and mentally, and declare that you are going to make a new start, and that the way *will open, must open and has already opened* to you for a new life.

This assertion will strengthen you amazingly. Believe in yourself, in your right to a useful,

happy and successful life. Remember how many men have been in poverty and despair and have risen out of them to power and usefulness afterward.

Trust in the invincible force of your own divine soul to become one of these, and believe the Angels of Light who hear the cry of despairing ones on earth will strengthen you.

The way will and must open for you if you turn your eyes away from death and despair, upward and inward.

The world needs you or you would not be.
Your place is waiting for you—find it!

## UNIVERSAL NEED

HOW universally kind and thoughtful people are to the blind, or the crippled. No one is ever so busy or so worried or so out of temper that he cannot stop to show a little courtesy and consideration to a blind man who is groping his way along the street or through a room.

The most selfish of us seem to have that impulse of sympathy and helpfulness toward the blind which causes people deprived of sight from birth, to think the world is such a kind place.

Well, now if we only pause and consider the truth about humanity we will realise that everybody is blind. Whoever is going wrong is blind, for surely no one ever deliberately wanted to go wrong. The most disagreeable people on the face of the earth and the most wicked and the most selfish are all blind. Think

of them as you think of the poor fellow with his cane and his hands groping in front of him as he walks.

Show the same sympathy, the same desire to help them to go right, and what a different feeling you will find growing in your heart, and what a different world you will be instrumental in building.

To be sorry for anybody is a step toward spiritual education and a link in universal brotherhood. Instead of being angry and disgusted at the stupidity, the selfishness and the sins of human beings we ought just to be sorry for them. That is the first move toward helpfulness.

Most of us are angry and disgusted at other people and very sorry for ourselves. That is a waste of sympathy. Never be sorry for yourself.

Regard your sympathy as a glass through which you may behold the heart of humanity. Do not turn it upon yourself. While you are looking at your own troubles some one may go by who needs your attention, and you will lose

an opportunity to be kind and lead a blind man across the street or to restore a crutch to a cripple who has fallen.

You would even risk losing a train or being late for an important engagement to do an act of mercy such as that. You would be ashamed to leave the cripple where he could not reach his crutch or the blind man lost in a labyrinth.

We are all of us needing the crutch or a kind word or look or thought, and all of us are needing a hand to lead us into the right path. Yet how we push and crowd and jostle one another. How we sneer and criticise and condemn, so long as we do not see the blind eyes or the missing limb!

What a pity that it is only the physically disabled who appeal to us!

There was a man born without legs who begged upon the streets, and everybody poured pennies into his cup so that he was enabled to buy himself three houses and to get drunk and to divorce one wife and marry another like a gentleman of high society. Yet people continued to pour money into his cup.

Across the street was an able-bodied man whose business was crushed by the power of a corporation, and he had a mother and a sick sister to support, and he could not afford the luxury of even one wife.

He lay awake nights trying to plan how he could win success in life, and he grew pale and hollow-eyed, and no one offered him a word of pity or poured pennies or kind words into his car cup. And by and by he broke down with the nervous strain and died.

Perhaps a little sympathy at the right time would have given him courage to battle on to success.

Just think about these things a little as you hurry along your way, and do not save all your sympathy for the blind and lame.

Only he who finds such happiness on earth can expect to find it in heaven. For happiness is a mental state and can be fashioned by our thoughts.

## EVERY-DAY OPPORTUNITIES

A MAN past middle age descended from an incoming train in a narrow passage leading to a large depôt. He had occupied a rear car, and over one hundred people were in front of him when he reached the passage. Only two persons could walk abreast, and the high railing on one side and the train on the other made it necessary to keep to the narrow exit.

The man had important engagements awaiting him. He was well bred, a gentleman, and considered the little courtesies of life.

Yet without violating one of these he reached the depôt and the trolley car first of all those hundred people.

*He watched his chances, and availed himself of them.*

A woman in the line at his left dropped her parcel and stooped to recover it. He slipped in

front of her without delaying any one in either line of march.

A man on the right paused to shift his baggage from the right hand to the left, and this made another opening. Still another held up the whole procession to question a train official leaning from a car window, but instead of stopping with the throng our traveller pushed ahead and found a clear space, which soon enabled him to reach the trolley car two or three moments in advance of the first man who had descended from the train. He had moved rapidly, quietly, decently and without once inconveniencing a fellow-traveller.

No doubt scores of passengers from the rear cars explained their tardy arrival at home, and at places of business, as due to the procession in front of them.

This same man had begun life in the rear car. He had been a poor child on a Western prairie, without influence, and with meagre opportunities for education.

Yet, by this inborn trait, this determination to watch his opportunities and push ahead, he

obtained an education and a desirable position in life before middle age—obtained it through his own efforts.

Many of his old comrades are living in the same meagre environment of early youth, believing they were hindered by fate from attaining success.

They regard the good fortune of their old acquaintance as a stroke of luck.

'He was born to be lucky,' they will tell you. 'Things naturally went his way.'

But they went his way merely because he watched his chance and slipped ahead when the opening came.

These chances come to every one of us along the highway of life. If we are not on the lookout the line closes up before we see the open space.

Every day I live I perceive more and more clearly how the real success of life comes from within and not from without.

An intense, unswerving, fixed purpose dominates all conditions. The mind which concentrates itself upon the one idea, *I must do this*

*thing*, does it eventually, no matter what obstacles intervene.

The mind which says, 'The procession is so long ahead of me it is useless for me to try to hurry; I must just jog along'—that is the mind which never gets beyond the jogging pace. The procession is always ahead.

A score of times it separates, opens, clears, but the man who says 'It is no use' is not watching and does not see his opportunities.

And he dies at the rear of the column, believing 'he has had no chance.'

We all have it. Few see it! Fewer still seize it.

Don't forget to praise five times where you criticise once.

## THE MASTERS

WHO and what was Buddha—is a question often asked by orthodox Christians.

Owing to the highly intellectual stratum which has always been the underlying force in India, the story of Buddha's life is much more authentic than the early life of our own Great Master, Jesus Christ, although he lived six hundred years earlier. Gautama Buddha was the son of a high caste Rajah, and therefore a prince. He was the only child of his parents, and his mother died shortly after giving him birth.

The ancient literature of his land contains the story of his mother having been told by an angel that she was to give birth to a godchild, and in the main the tale is almost identical with that of the immaculate conception of Christ. In fact, these supernatural stories have attended the birth of all the great masters and spiritual

leaders. However, the young lad was reared by his father as a prince, and it was not until wealth, power and all earthly happiness had been laid at his feet that he began to develop his insatiable longing for *God's truth.*

He gave up home, family, power and wealth and went into the desert places to pray and meditate. India had degenerated from the pure religion taught by those most wonderful of all books, the Vedas, and idol worship and sacrifices and mortification of the body were the prevailing customs when Gautama began his studies.

All the methods of fasting and mortification he tested, and all he discarded as useless. He summed up the religion necessary to salvation in the following words :—

> 'To cease from all wrong-doing ;
> To get virtue ;
> To cleanse one's own heart—
> This is the religion of the Buddhas.'

He also formulated the 'Eight-fold Path to Righteousness' :—

| | |
|---|---|
| 1. *Right views.* | 5. *Right mode of livelihood.* |
| 2. *Right aims.* | 6. *Right exertion.* |
| 3. *Right words.* | 7. *Right mindfulness.* |
| 4. *Right behaviour.* | 8. *Right meditation and tranquillity.* |

Among many other beautiful words left us by Gautama Buddha are the following :—

'*As a mother, even at the risk of her own life, protects her son, her only son, so let man cultivate good will without measure toward the whole world, above, below, around, unstinted, unmixed with any feeling of differing or opposing interests. Let a man remain steadfastly in this state of mind all the while he is awake, whether he be standing, walking, sitting, or lying down. This state of heart is the best in the world*'

To support father and mother,
To cherish wife and child,
To follow a peaceful calling—
  These are the greatest blessing.

To bestow alms and live righteously,
To give help to kindred,

Deeds which cannot be blamed—
  These are the greatest blessing.

To abhor, and cease from sin,
Abstinence from strong drink,
Not to be weary in well-doing—
  These are the greatest blessing.

To be long-suffering and meek,
To associate with the tranquil,
Religious talk at due season—
  These are the greatest blessing.

Beneath the stroke o' life's changes,
The mind that shaketh not,
Without grief or passion, and secure—
  These are the greatest blessing.

On every side are invincible
They who do acts like these;
On every side they walk in safety—
  And theirs is the greatest blessing.

*For never in this world does hatred cease by hatred;*
*Hatred ceases by love;* this is always its nature.

One may conquer a hundred thousand men in battle,
But he who conquers himself alone is the greatest victor.

Let a man make himself what he preaches to others;
The well-subdued may subdue others; one's self, indeed, is hard to tame.

Let us live happily, then, *not hating those who hate us!*
*Let us live free from hatred among men who hate!*

He who holds back rising anger as (one might) a rolling chariot,
Him, indeed, I call a driver; others only hold the reins.

*Let a man overcome anger by kindness, evil by good;*
*Let him conquer the stingy by a gift, the liar by truth.*

The fair-minded reader will readily concede that this teaching is identical with the teachings

of Christ. Regarding the future state of man Buddha believed that each being eventually, after many incarnations, dissolved into 'bliss absolute' and became a part of the creative source.

Buddha lived righteously and unselfishly, bore much persecution and misunderstanding patiently and died a holy man, leaving an indelible impress upon the world for all time.

His beautiful life and beautiful teachings are worthy of all respect. Christ is to me a brother, a friend, a master, a guide. There is not a day when my thoughts and affections do not go out to Him, reverently. That does not prevent me from giving love and reverence to His older brothers, sons of God, who came to enlighten the world before Christ's advent. Each taught according to his time and the needs of his audience. Yet, studied carefully, the essential truths taught by each were the same. Krishna taught that *love* was the law of the universe. Buddha taught *love* and self-conquest. Christ taught Love and Kindness.

And all were messengers from God.

The religion taught by each has been prostituted by millions of their followers and turned into theological jargon, and thousands of Buddhists to-day are heathen idolaters such as Buddha tried to save; just as thousands of Christians are money worshippers and idolaters of fashion, and power, such as Christ tried to save.

But that does not alter the glorious message each Master brought to earth.

For Truth is forever the same, and *love* is unchangeable.

Who loves mankind more than he loves himself,
And cannot find room in his heart for hate,
May be another Christ.

## BUILDING KINDNESS CELLS

IN the laboratory of Dr. Elmer Gates, of Chevy Chase, Washington, D.C., I was shown, through a microscope, an atom of grey matter, taken from the brain of a rabbit that never saw colours. The animal was chloroformed after living a few weeks in a dark room.

I was shown another atom of brain, of a rabbit of the same age, which had been made to see lights of various colours every day of its brief life. The difference in the appearance of these two portions of brain matter was remarkable. The portion of the brain cell subjected to the lights was finely veined like a leaf of a delicate plant. Every time the animal *looked at the light, and thought of the light,* as we might say, a physical change took place in the brain structure. That physical change created what is called *colour cells.* Just exactly so every

thought of sympathy and pity creates a *kindness cell* in the brain of human beings.

Every person on earth is making some sort of a cell in his brain every waking moment of the day or night.

*Thoughts are things.* Thought is energy—thought is a creative power. That is why it is important to direct the minds of human beings to good, kind, helpful thoughts.

Have you ever heard a doting parent say, 'My children love animals so dearly; we always keep a kitten or a puppy for them to play with.' Then have you observed those children while at play? Have you seen the helpless kitten crushed under a fat little arm, and heard its useless wails, as the 'loving child' mauled and hauled it about with no word of protest from the mother?

If you called the attention of the mother to the fact that the kitten or puppy was being misused, ten to one she became your enemy for life, and spoke of you ever afterward as an impertinent and ill-bred person who undertook to tell others how to bring up their children.

One of the important features of humane work is the direction of the thoughts of the parents to the *rights of animals*.

Parentage is the oldest profession in the world for men and women; but there are the smallest number of *prize-winners* in that profession of any in the world.

Many a woman believes herself a good mother because she is ready to fight for her child through fire and water and to walk over the dead bodies of other mothers, and other children, in the effort to make way for her own; and because she loves her child in this selfish manner, she is blind to any suffering it gives other human beings or animals.

Real good motherhood must include the *universal motherhood.* It must make a woman love her child so unselfishly that she is willing it should suffer while learning its lessons of kindness and thoughtfulness and protection, rather than to enjoy itself while taking away the joys, the privileges, or the rights of other creatures—human or animal.

Almost every even half-civilised woman to-

day shrinks from the sight of a cruel driver beating a horse, or from seeing the kicks and blows, often given wretched street dogs and cats.

They are ready to report such cases of cruelty to the Society. *But hundreds of good women are permitting their children to grow up with cruel instincts;* worse yet, they are *teaching* their children cruelty in the cradle.

Before you question this statement, listen and think.

Do you not again and again see a mother whip a hobby-horse to amuse her child? Do you not see her punish an inanimate object over which the baby has fallen, in order to distract the mind of the baby from its hurt?

I have seen rag dolls spanked, and Teddy bears beaten by mothers, to make a baby laugh.

What can you expect of that child when it grows up, save that it will revenge itself upon anybody who annoys it, by physical chastisement. The boy who has been educated to beat

his hobby-horse will beat his real horse when he drives one.

The time to begin to teach a child kindness and sympathy is in the cradle. Say to your children as soon as they are able to play with toys, '*Be good to your toys; they need love and kind usage. Let your dollie rest sometimes, and handle her tenderly. Your Teddy bear and your hobby-horse are needing your love.*' If your baby stumbles and falls over a chair or rug, instil politeness and consideration into his plastic mind, by teaching him to apologise. He will be quite as much amused and distracted if you say, 'Excuse me, Mr. Rug, or Madam Chair, for my awkwardness; I hope I have not seriously hurt you,' as he will be if you say, 'Naughty old rug, or chair, to hurt baby,' and then proceed to rain blows on the poor inoffensive object. Teach your children to address their toy animals in a kind and well-modulated voice instead of a loud screech. You will benefit both the people of to-day, and the animal of to-morrow by this course.

Tell them the truth; that animals are very sensitive to noise; that a horse is a timid and loving creature, and that a loud, harsh voice frightens it and hinders it from doing its duty or obeying its owner. A low voice and a gentle hand will make any horse, if taken in time, faithful, willing and safe. A horse will do twice the work and live twice the time in good health, if it is treated with respect, gratitude and love by its owner. Teach this to your children while they are playing with their toys. They will never forget it.

The warden of the Connecticut State prison is a wonderfully good and wise man. He is a student of human nature. He said to visitors one day, *if a child is properly educated to the age of ten, no matter what its inheritance, it never becomes a criminal.* He did not mean that children sent to fine schools, and given tutors and great advantages, never became criminals. He meant that children, guided in their thoughts and ideas by wise teachers and parents, should have right ideals, right feelings, and right desires. *Children should be taught considera-*

*tion of the rights of other creatures.* That sentence includes all the needed preventives of crime.

Luck is the tuning of our inmost thought
To chord with God's great plan.

## WHAT IS OPTIMISM?

IN this era, when metaphysical 'New Thought' is talked more continually than it is lived consistently, we hear much of 'Optimism.'

Yet, who can define the exact meaning of that word?

The man who was told to 'look on the bright side of things,' replied that he 'looked on the side that was up.'

To forever declare the side that is up bright, though undeniably black, is not optimism—it is nonsense.

*To turn things over and find a bright side, to polish them and make a bright side, that is practical optimism.*

Without doubt, the mental attitude helps, or hinders, the actual effort. The man who enthusiastically *thinks* success while working for it, achieves more than double the results

attained by one who couples the same effort with an indifferent or unbelieving mind.

Genius is *not* a mere capacity for hard work. Hard work done without enthusiasm never stirred the pulse of the world nor fired a human heart. Genius is the child of enthusiasm, but it remains a child and dies mute and inglorious, unless clothed with action, and crowned with persistence.

Enthusiasm, Genius, Optimism—they are great words; they are powerful factors in the development of the individual and of the race—mighty movers in the world of progress; but they possess no lasting value, no real worth, unless harnessed to concentrated effort.

Intense optimistic thought is a mental dynamite, and blasts an opening through impassable rocks.

But of what use is that opening unless we push through and proceed along the way?

And, first of all, must come the consciousness and the acknowledgment of the rock—the realisation of the necessity for mental dynamite. That is true optimism, and that is the true

optimist who says: 'This rock is formidable; it will require all my force to open a way through it, but I can and I will.' And he does open a way.

The world to-day is full of the self-styled optimists—people who smile in the face of difficulty and say, blandly: 'There is no rock, no obstacle. The way will open, if I wait. I need not disturb myself.' But the way does not open for such optimists, because the purpose of creation is that every atom shall work out its own individual destiny by individual effort. Until it does work it out, it must be cast under the wheels of Life and ground into the clay over which shall pass the feet of Progress.

The optimistic housewife looks on her tarnished silver and says: 'It is bright underneath; I am going to prove it.' And she sets herself the task of scouring off the discolourations.

She who simply asserts that the silver is bright and shining, and continues to use it in its dull and mottled state, waiting for some

miracle to transform it, is making herself ridiculous and spoiling the silver by neglect.

Verdigris will work. Optimism should.

Many a man believes he is an optimist, when he is only a drone in Nature's Hive.

But the drone is finally driven from the hive —and dies, however cheerful may be his views. Bees demand work, not opinions.

I remember a woman who prided herself upon her optimism. She was for ever projecting it, like a glaring searchlight, into the eyes of the unprotected. Often, when I saw her approaching, I wished for blinders.

She dashed in through my door one day, when a howling north-easter was laying three days' siege on the countryside. She wore an oilskin suit and carried no umbrella.

'What a glorious day,' she said rhapsodically, while she held the door open leisurely, letting in a blast of wind and a deluge of rain. Then she sat down on a cushioned divan, and little rivers of rain ran down her skirt upon my floor.

'It is a perfectly beautiful day to go about,' she continued. 'I just love it.'

I was glad she loved it, but I would have preferred a caller who disliked it sufficiently to carry an umbrella and leave it outside my door.

This ‘ optimist ’ made work for others by her peculiar phase of optimism. That is frequently the result of undiscriminating optimism.

‘ I always see the silver lining under clouds like these,’ she said, ‘ and I know what lovely sunshine follows this weather.’

I knew it too, but meanwhile, I saw the puddles of rain forming pools on the floor and running under the edge of my rug.

My optimistic caller tramped triumphantly away, to teach other benighted people how to be happy though wet, and the maid and I set about cleaning up the flood.

‘ After her, the deluge,’ I said.

I knew a young man who wore his optimism like a boutonnière, always in evidence. Its relation to his mental powers was as a violet to his attire.

One day he came in, smiling, and said: ‘ Congratulate me ! I ’ve lost my position.’

'You did not like it, then?' I asked.

'Oh yes; but I am sure it is all for the best. I shall find something better soon.'

'You have an opening in view?'

'Not at all. I am not even looking for a position. It will come to me.'

I believe the inevitable is always right. I told the young man so. But when young birds are pushed from the nest by an inevitable law they are expected to use their wings.

If they sit on the grass under the tree where they fall and wait for something to come, that something usually takes the form of an animal with a well-developed appetite for tender little birds.

The young man waited two years before the expected position came. Nor was it sent to him. He was obliged to look for it. Two years lost, through a mistaken understanding of the word 'optimism.' And during those two years he had been obliged to borrow from his less hopeful friends, who were not as advanced as he in metaphysics, but who believed in seeking for what they wanted to find.

Long ago I took for my motto:

> This is Love's supreme decree,
> Only good can come to me.

It should be a rule for each immortal soul sent into life to perfect itself.

But to prove our philosophy we must 'make good' ourselves. We must believe, pray, aspire, work and climb. We must look in, up, about and beyond. We must learn to analyse, discriminate and choose. We must weed out the garden of our souls, and each become a Burbank in his own domain, casting away pernicious and poor material and perfecting the good and valuable, making it better and more valuable by our use of it.

I believe all our troubles, burdens and obstacles are sent us for the best good of our souls, if we turn them to that end by mental and physical effort. That is my understanding of optimism.

I do not believe all these things will 'turn out for the best' if we go carelessly and cheerfully along the way with no focused thought, no well-

directed energy. Cheerfulness, and faith, and self-reliance are great factors in life, but alone they do not make the optimism which builds character, alters human destiny or turns seeming evil to good unless the ingredient of well-directed, persistent work enters into the composition.

Better an occasional mood that is not optimistic—a night of tears and anxiety, followed by resolution grown from despair, and effort that calls into play all the latent energies—than this eternal drifting down an idle sea of cheerful optimism in a ship of hope to the shores of Nowhere.

I have seen a woman of talent and ability drifting for years on this sea. She knows she is gifted; she believes in herself; but she postpones from day to day, from month to month, from year to year, all positive effort, so confident is she that 'everything will come out all right for her by and by.'

Well for her were an overwhelming tidal wave of doubt of herself, a distrust of the future, to sweep her out of her settled optimistic com-

placency, and arouse her to the necessity for personal effort.

Self-reliance is a comrade of optimism. Self-conceit is its foe, and leads it to destruction and failure.

Precisely the same laws apply to the country, to the race, which apply to the individual. It is not the satisfied, profoundly optimistic citizen who says: 'My country is all right; she can do no wrong; her faults are the faults of youth; let her alone and she will outgrow them.' It is not that kind of citizen who is the true patriot.

The man who loves his country most is he who strives hardest to keep her garments from trailing in the mud, which left its incradicable stains on the robes of older nations; he is the man who sees and warns her of impending dangers, even at the risk of being called a pessimist and a sensationalist.

To look on the bright side of the oil, beef, coal, railroad and political trusts is possible, if one takes the larger view; the view which belongs to the eyes of prophecy and sees beyond

these calamities to their abolishment—the view which beholds the flagrant evil working out its own destruction, and giving place to a newer order and a cleaner system.

That is real optimism, and the only optimism possible and consistent with present conditions and self-respecting patriotism.

The conservative tool of capital, or the slave of old traditions, who assures us that 'everything is all right, and that the country is in better condition than ever in its history,' is not the patriot—not the optimist who helps uphold her honour.

The true patriot is he who makes the pathway safe for new generations to tread, even at the cost of temporary disorder and confusion to the present generation.

Let thoughts of parents and ancestors go. Think of yourself, young man, as just created from space. Call to that great reservoir for *your inheritance* of health, usefulness and power.

## 'WHAT IS THE LOVING THING TO DO?'

THAT is the motto of 'Fellowship,' a wonderful organisation founded by Benjamin Fay Mills, with no creed save 'Trust and Service.'

What is your idea of trust, and service?

How would you answer the question contained in the motto?

My own idea of trust is as illimitable as the word indicates. *Whatever happens, to believe it is a part of the divine plan.* However unpleasant, however painful, however disagreeable may be that happening or circumstance, to determine upon finding its good meaning, and to turn it to the soul's account and make it a means of character building.

Trust does not, in my interpretation of the word, include placid acceptance of conditions or events. It means *using these things* as stepping stones to deliverance.

When our environment is not to our liking, when we are annoyed and hurt by events, the first thing to do is to discover if we ourselves have not been the cause of these troubles. If we realise on careful analysis that we *are* the cause, then *trust the divine forces to show us the way out.*

If we find we are blameless, and the troubles come through what we call Fate, then again *trust in divine power, within ourselves and beyond ourselves, to deliver us.*

Meanwhile, to go upon our way doing the duty which lies nearest, with absolute *trust* in the heart that we are treading the *path to power.*

Trust must include cheerfulness, and it must preclude complaint, spoken or thought. It creates gratitude to the giver—for whatever comes.

Service, in the creed of 'The Fellowship,' to my interpretation, means continual thought for others—the hourly application of the Golden Rule and the New Commandment; not the Sunday remembrance of them.

Service, through humanity, to God—begin-

ning in the morning, in the home, the boarding-house or the hotel, on the ship or on the train, on the street, in public conveyances or in the shop, market-place or factory, and extending into the social circles, and always back into the home.

True service to humanity need not consist in giving endowments to churches or colleges, or in building libraries and hospitals. These things are good in their place, and they are good uses for money; but the service most important to the world in bettering humanity is the daily service of one human being toward another.

Sometimes this service takes only the form of a word spoken at the right time; a letter written at the right moment; a call made or an invitation given, which proves remembrance and regard.

Sometimes it means the use of time, and again the use of money, and again the denial to give money, and the enlightenment to give counsel. And always it means an understanding of 'what is the loving thing to do?'

Simple as these manifestations of service

sound, they are *most difficult to perform all the days of all the years.* Set forth and undertake to live a life of *Trust* and *Service* just one week, and to always do the loving thing, and you will appreciate the universal nature of this creed of Fellowship.

Try it and see what you think of it.

But in the trying be honest with yourself. Watch your words, your thoughts and your actions. Do nothing for the praise of men. Do only what your own best self *knows* to be right and best.

Never mind the times you fall back, and make mistakes, and fail. Each recognition of your own errors means new strength to go forward.

When you make the motto of Fellowship your mental mentor, and listen to the question, 'What is the loving thing to do?' spoken by your heart at every turn, you will be surprised to find how difficult is the answer.

Sometimes the loving thing to do necessitates inflicting pain on those you love. It means warning them when they are on the downward path; and it means refusing to proceed

with them if they will not listen to counsel. We cannot continue to 'be companionable' when that necessitates dissipation and other forms of vice.

It means to give material aid, and to deny yourself for others; and again it means to withhold material aid and compel the indolent unfortunate to earn his own bread.

It means controlling the quick temper and developing the spirit of tolerance and sympathy. But it means, too, controlling the sympathies and not allowing them to lead you to the performance of another's duties.

*There is no more unloving thing than to do another's work and let that one go free of his own responsibility.*

A large contract, indeed, is this, to set forth with the resolve to do the loving thing always and everywhere.

*Try it!*

Begin in your home. Apply the motto to your household, to your treatment of your family, wife, husband, children, parents, servants.

Write out the question and hang it over your mantel or sideboard, where all may see and answer it to their own satisfaction—

'*What is the loving thing to do?*'

Man may be
And do the thing he wishes, if he keeps
That one thought dominant through night and
day,
And knows his strength is limitless, because
Its fountain-head is God.

## A NEW THOUGHT ROSARY

ONE of the oldest and sweetest customs among the religious denominations is the telling of the beads of the rosary. The Buddhists, the Mohammedans and the Roman Catholics have preserved this custom, whose origin cannot be traced, so remote is it.

There is something poetic and beautiful about it. Without question the habit has been helpful in bringing the minds of religious devotees under control, and developing the power of concentration.

New Thought, which takes its central ideas of the unity of life and the divinity within from the oldest religions known to history, can be made still more potent by the introduction of the rosary idea.

No beads are necessary; written phrases will serve the purpose; and let each earnest soul, seeking to find the light and to develop

the latent powers within, provide its own rosary.

Are you discouraged and given to melancholy and nervous moods ? Do you feel that everything goes against you, and that the future holds nothing but sorrow for you ?

Then let this be your rosary. Write down the phrases and put them where you can see them as you sit alone for your moments of concentration. 'String your beads' of these sentences :—

*I am peace absolute.*
*I am serenity.*
*I am happiness aosolute.*
*Life holds nothing but good for me.*
*I am realising all my heart's desires.*

After you have learned the words by heart, you will not need the written rosary ; it will become a part of your thoughts.

You will say your rosary over as you walk on the street or sit in public conveyances, or drive in your carriage, or lie in your bed ; and you will find such strength and power coming to you as you never dreamed of possessing.

If you are worried about your health, or about your financial condition, add new beads to the rosary and say :—

*I am health, energy, vitality.*

*I am prosperity and plenty.*

*Opulence is mine, and the wisdom to use it wisely.*

*Everything I do succeeds, and I am filled with vitality and strength.*

Familiarise yourself with these words, and make the rosary a part of your daily mental and spiritual exercises.

A worried and despondent business man who believed he was born to misfortune acceded to the wish of a friend and carried the rosary she wrote for him in the lining of his hat, reading it over whenever he felt the despondent mood approaching.

After a time his nerves were less tensely strung ; he was calmer and more philosophical. That was all.

Then came a complete business failure, and he said to his friend : 'You see the rosary did not work. I am born for failure.'

But right after the failure came the best fortune of his whole life, and it came through the failure, just as the erection of a fine marble building waits upon the destruction of a cheap, wooden structure oftentimes.

Health, happiness, success and power have come to many lives through the repetition of one of these New Thought rosaries. String one for yourself, of such mental qualities as you crave, and such possessions as you need for your happiness and usefulness. You will be surprised at the result if you are faithful.

The explanation is perfectly logical and natural. You simply bring the vibrations of your mind to chord with those of *universal good.* You cease to make a discord in the mental and spiritual realm.

The cells of your brain undergo a physical transformation by your change of thoughts; and 'As a man thinketh, so is he' proves to be literal fact, as well as a divine assertion.

If you feel the romance of your domestic life fading, if love seems to be dying in your home, make yourself a rosary to help bring the

happiness which is the earthly vestibule to heaven.

Proclaim *love, compatibility, sympathy, romance* and *constancy* as your own. Assert that you love, and are loved, as in the days of your honeymoon, and shut your heart, eyes and ears to any other belief.

The New Thought rosary has been known to even bring Cupid back to the hearth which he was on the eve of deserting.

Surely it is worth the effort of a trial.

Love much.

## UNTO THE END

*I know not where to-morrow's paths may wend*
*Nor what the future holds; but this I know:*
*Whichever way my feet are forced to go,*
*I shall be given courage to the end.*

*Though God that awful gift of His may send*
*We call long life, where headstones in a row*
*Hide all of happiness, yet be it so:*
*I shall be given courage to the end.*

*If dark the deepening shadows be, that blend*
*With life's pale sunlight when the sun dips low,*
*Though Joy speeds by and Sorrow's steps are slow,*
*I shall be given courage to the end.*

*I do not question what the years portend—*
*Or good or ill, whatever wind may blow;*
*It is enough, enough for me to know*
*I shall be given courage to the end.*

EVERY individual possessed of feeling, imagination and emotion faces at times great trouble, great despair. Only the born idiot escapes such seasons.

Many who read the lines given above, will be standing face to face with some seemingly insupportable pain, some unbearable burden. To all such I would say, *Keep your faith in divine goodness.*

The hour when these lines were written was such an hour. A burden had been placed upon shoulders that shrank from the responsibility; a thankless duty, supposed to be accomplished, presented itself anew and said sternly: 'Keep on in the same painful path; give up pleasures you believed you had won; I am still here; you must attend to me.'

The command met with rebellion. Destiny seemed relentless, cruel and unjust. Human reason found no excuse for such a demand as Fate had made; yet Faith came to the rescue and said: '*In resignation and acceptance of the divine will alone lies happiness. Whatever is, is best.*'

Then the lines were written, through blinding tears. Looking from the sunlit present back upon that difficult and shadowed hour, it seems strange that even for a brief season doubt of God's wisdom could have dominated faith.

Although the burden proved heavier even than had been feared, and the duty required more sacrifice and patience than was imagined, yet *courage was given to the end*, and with the courage new strength, new understanding of life, new ideals of happiness.

When the shadows rolled away and the duty was ended the sun shone with greater brilliancy than ever before, and there was a peace that passeth understanding in the heart that had rebelled for a season, and through the accomplished duty came unexpected benefits and pleasures.

Therefore I say to all you who stand at the difficult turns in the winding ways of this strange life to-day: Have courage; believe you will be given courage to the end; go ahead without fear; do the duty nearest to the best of your ability; do it with patience, with trust, with

confidence that it is to be the means of bringing your best development.

And you shall be given courage to the end and recompense afterward, both here and yonder.

The Law never fails.

For this alone the Universe exists—
That man may find himself is destiny.

Should some great Angel say to me to-morrow,
'Thou must retread thy pathway from the start,
But God will give, in pity for thy sorrow,
Some one dear wish, the nearest to thy heart.'

This were my wish: From my life's dim beginning,
Let be what has been; Wisdom planned the whole.
My want, my woe, my sorrow and my sinning,
All, all, were needed lessons for my soul.

## KEEP STILL AND WAIT

THERE was once a woman came to me for explanation, counsel and comfort — explanation of God's seeming cruelty to her prayers, counsel upon her course of action, and comfort for her despair.

She was well past the half-century mark, worn, prematurely aged, bruised, tired, discouraged.

She had been a woman of craving ambitions, mad for material pleasures and benefits, for money, place, power, prominence. All of these she had fought for, even at the sacrifice of her higher convictions and in defiance of the opinions of others.

She had obtained all the things she sought, and each one had proven to be Dead Sea fruit and turned to ashes on her lips.

It had all been long ago. For years she had been seeking to live quietly, peacefully and

happily, and to be useful and good. And with each effort toward usefulness came disappointment. Obstacles rose in her path, discord destroyed harmony, chaos was given where she hoped for order.

And so she was bitter toward God, and believed He was cruel and spiteful, like an ignorant human being. Instead it was the débris of old desires, lying jumbled in her mind, the inharmony of her thoughts, the absolute lack of concentration, the strife, the remorse, the sorrow for herself and the fretful discontent with it all, which brought the results she deplored.

In place of sitting down in the silence and saying to her soul, ‘ We have had our schooling, the lesson is learned and the higher truth has come ; God is just, and I thank Him for all He has taught me, and peace is mine,’ she stood with tense nerves and defiant eyes and cried : ‘ I *will* have peace ; I *will* be let alone by Fate—and only a devil would try to hinder me now in my old age.’

When she did not hold this thought she was

fretting about the past, and wasting her vitality in a useless regret for things done. It was no wonder that she found herself facing despair at every turn, and that new battles awaited her with each new dawn. '*Relax and be still,*' was my counsel.

If a man puts his shoulder out of joint or fractures it, before he can resume his duties he must lie quiet for a time and let nature remedy the evil. So, if he disorders his life by wrong ambitions or desires and makes havoc of his happiness, he must learn to *keep still* within himself before he can restore order.

To dash about gesticulating and crying for aid will never mend the shoulder, or the life. The bone and the mentality must knit in repose and silence.

It is folly to wish we had not done this or that. Once done we cannot undo it, and better conserve our forces to repair the error by accepting its lesson and making it a part of our wisdom of experience.

Let the past go. Men have been beggars in

purse, health and reputation at fifty, and have lived to win fortune, vitality and respect.

Nothing is impossible to the soul that will wrap the mantle of silence about itself and wait and believe.

## WHAT LIFE MEANS TO ME

EXHILARATION, anticipation, realisation, usefulness, growth—these things life has always meant, and is meaning to me.

Looking backward, I recall few mornings when I did not greet the day with a certain degree of exhilarating expectancy. Even in times of trouble and sorrow this peculiar quality of mind helped me over obstacles to happiness which, retrospectively viewed, seemed insurmountable. A peculiar spiritual egotism possibly it might be called, for it led me to look for special dispensations of Providence in my behalf, and a setting aside of nature's seeming laws and regulations, as well as the violating of reason's codes, that I might be obliged.

Facing the deadly monotony of the commonplace, as a child and a young girl, I always looked for the unusual and romantic to occur.

Environed by the need of petty economies, I always expected sudden opulence. Far from the world's centre of life and action, I felt that hosts of rare souls were approaching; and, while hungry in heart and brain, I believed that splendid banquets were in preparation for me. What would otherwise have been lonely, troubled, and difficult years, were made enjoyable by this exalted state of the imagination.

Such concentration of expectancy, of course, brought some degree of result. Unusual things did happen. And that same virile, vivid imagination magnified them, and made them seem colossal confirmations of my hopes. The commonplace meadows blossomed with flowers of beauty; and buttercups and daisies looked to me like rare orchids and hothouse roses. Between what really happened to enlarge and brighten my horizon, and what I believed had happened, and what I continually expected to happen, the world widened, existence grew in interest, and earth palpitated with new experiences as the years passed. Always I expected

more and more of life, and always it came in some guise.

Such a temperament must have its season of despair, its melancholy moods, its self-depreciating periods, and its times of utter dejection. In early youth, such moods came and went like the sudden changes in our American climate in a spring month. But in my darkest hours, there was always a consciousness of life's wonderful interest—an intensity of enjoyment even of my own miseries. I was frequently sorry for the dull souls who did not know how to be so unutterably wretched as I could be.

I cannot recall a moment of my life when I wished I had not been born. I have always realised the inestimable privilege of living. Yet, despite this fact, life in that early period, even, meant bitter battles with those moods of discouragement and despondency, which seemed to grow in duration and intensity as I entered more fully into an understanding of the world and of myself, and realised how much I wanted to do, to have, and to be, and how difficult was the attainment, virtually alone and remote

from the arenas of action, for my home was in Wisconsin, on a prairie, a dozen miles from a town, and five from a post-office. When a post-office was established three miles away, I felt I was beginning to enjoy the luxuries of a metropolis.

It required little assistance from outside sources to awaken my mind to large rejoicings, and to change gloom to glory, in those early days. And thank God, that quality of mind has always remained with me. It is a composite quality, with equal ingredients of imagination, vanity, unreason and philosophy. But it is better than a million-dollar dower for any woman to start with in life. That I placed exaggerated values on many things and events, I lived to learn, often after I obtained the things or passed through the events. I watered my own stock, and frequently found it worthless when offered to my later judgment for sale. But this was the best possible education; of greater value than Latin and Greek for my life's purposes.

The ability to express myself in verse and

prose, at the age of eight, led me into print at fourteen. Small successes dazzled my sight so that succeeding large failures were not fully seen, or lent such light that I was able to grope my way safely over the dark places. At first the pleasure of writing and the pleasure of having people notice my work seemed all-satisfying. It brought, however, its pains as well as its joys, for unless I was praised, shadows covered my sun.

There must always be discontent and pain for those who lean largely for enjoyment, on the approval which comes from others.

Then I began to earn money and to be helpful to the family. O the wonder and the joy of it! I was the youngest of four, and there was an ever-growing need of money in the home, and in the homes of married brothers and sisters. There were nephews and nieces to assist, and the thought that my pen could bestow benefits upon others electrified me. I was very young, and there was a certain vanity in my unselfishness—a pride in being looked up to, and leaned upon, by my elders. This, too, as years went on,

brought its punishment. For being so conscious of my good deeds, I was hurt if there seemed a lack of appreciation on the part of their recipients. I had not yet learned that 'there is no such thing as ingratitude to one who does a good deed and forgets it,' and that to look for any return — even gratitude from another — changes benevolence to barter and sale. To do good for good's sake, and to think no more about it, believing the seed will grow into a harvest of goodness for the world—that alone brings happiness. Yet in the main I found great satisfaction in what I did with my pen, and have received full measure of appreciation from the recipients of my small but continuous benefactions. If one failed to be appreciative, another more than repaid my effort. If one disappointed me in the use of the opportunity I offered, another happily surprised me. God's law of compensation has never yet failed me.

Then there came an hour when a new aspect of life confronted me. It was a grave hour when I realised that I was not a mere troubadour to

sing by the roadside my song to please the world's ear, and to take the pennies and the flowers cast me, but that my talent meant responsibility. It meant influence; it meant *noblesse oblige.* I was startled when the consciousness first came—startled and not altogether pleased. Then it began to assume dignity, and life was newly enriched. Instead of being merely a helper in the home, I realised I must be a helper in the universe. I must mould thought, guide conduct, and sustain purpose by my talent; and from that hour humanity became my family, and all men and women my blood kin, and life and work grew in pleasure and importance.

When the strong, true arms of love lifted the necessity of earning money from my shoulders, there was no danger that indolence and pleasure would drive away the habit of work. I knew I had been given my talent for a purpose, and that to neglect its use would be a sin. Only when I stop breathing shall I feel my work is finished here.

Two crude books published before I left the

‘ ’teens ’ for the ‘ twenties ’ brought no profit, and only a local recognition. I had begun to be an object of social courtesies in Western cities; residents of Madison, Milwaukee, Chicago and St. Louis invited me to their homes, and life assumed new and fascinating aspects. Yet these very aspects brought large discouragements. They tested my will power, my good sense, and my unselfishness; and often I learned how far I was from possessing the strength of character I had believed to be my chief quality. I was a social creature by nature, and the taste of city life and its pleasures intoxicated me; but I realised I must do one of three things: curtail my enjoyment of these pleasures, lessen my helpfulness to others, or increase my income. The last method, I reasoned, would permit me to follow both inclination and duty, and I set myself to the task. Poems swarmed from my pen; short stories were forced from it; and nine of every ten took from three to a dozen trips, back and forth, from Wisconsin to New York, before they found a purchaser. Slowly but steadily

my income increased; not enough to meet all my growing requirements, but enough to give me courage to persevere.

Life always meant more to me than literary achievement. To be a poet only, was never the sum-total of my ambitions. I longed to be a cultured woman, to study languages, to be an athlete, to dress well, to travel, and to make myself an ornament to home and to society. I was a good horsewoman at an early age, and I danced well, and I wanted to add all other outdoor and indoor accomplishments to my répertoire. All these things required money, and there was no source of income save my pen to cover such expenses. It was a hard battle, a battle fought with the world and with myself; and there were many defeats and many mistakes and much lack of judgment. In my restless eagerness to push ahead, I often put myself back. I plunged into roads I imagined the great highway of Progress, and found them bypaths leading to marshes and jungles, or to the Land of Nowhere. But always each mistake served as a stair on which I climbed to a larger under-

standing of the world, of myself, and of life's real meaning.

I recall one serious, discouraged hour of taking stock of life, when I felt I was farther away from my goal than ever before, and when I came to a decision that nothing but absolute adherence to duty, however humdrum, distasteful, and unsatisfactory, was worth while. It was on that day I wrote the following verses :—

I may not reach the heights I seek,
  My untried strength may fail me ;
Or half-way up the mountain peak,
  Fierce tempests may assail me.
But though that place I never gain,
Herein lies life's comfort for my pain—
  I will be worthy of it.

I may not triumph in success,
  Despite my earnest labour.
I may not grasp results that bless
  The efforts of my neighbour.
But though that goal I never see,
This thought shall always dwell with me—
  I will be worthy of it.

The golden glory of love's light
May never fall on my way.
My path may lead through shadowed night,
Like some deserted byway.
But though life's dearest joy I miss,
There lies a nameless strength in this—
I will be worthy of it.

Marriage in 1884 took me to the wonderful land of my dreams—the East. My winter home in New York and my summer home on the Connecticut shore of the beautiful Long Island Sound opened up large vistas of ever-increasing opportunities for improvement, pleasure, and usefulness. I studied; I read; I indulged in physical culture; I became intimate with the sea, and knew the intoxication (possible only to one inland born and bred) found in and on the ocean waves. That which we have always had, we never fully appreciate. I entertained and was entertained by many of the people whose names alone had enlarged my horizon in the old Western life. I felt I was dwelling in an enchanted land, and that feeling

and disillusionments.

The materialisation into personalities of some of the famous names I had known, proved not always happiness or satisfaction.

Talent and genius had seemed to me like two white sentinels guarding the door of the human mind from the intrusion of ignoble jealousy, petty envy, and unworthy selfishness. The gifted man and woman, I had thought, must be the great man and woman. I did not always find it so, and many of the halos I had bestowed upon imagined personalities had to be modified, or 'cut over,' or removed wholly, when the actual personage was encountered. Yet life, with its accustomed prodigality, gave me far more happiness than disappointment in these new associations. Friendships vital, educational, and lasting have resulted, and life has grown richer with each passing year, and its meaning more potent with each experience.

There have always been those along my life's pathway seeking to discourage me, to detract from my work, and to question my point of

view. I suppose they were a part of my development, and more than likely they saved me from that most disastrous fault of youth—self-complacency. Early I was told that all had been said before me, by great writers; that I could only repeat, in a crude form, messages already delivered by inspired masters. Still I wrote on, as thoughts came, and believed I had been given my own personal message for the world. Later, as I made certain successes, I was told that my work was ephemeral and only ranked with the third class in literature, and that it could have no lasting effect upon the world. Still I continued writing, glad to do what was given me to do, though in the third class, and satisfied to let its influence die with me so long as it was helpful while it lasted. Critics have called my poetry versification, my prose platitudes. And while they have criticised I have kept at work. I have been assured that rare, choice souls did not recognise me in literature; that I appealed only to the common, undiscriminating minds. And yet I have worked on.

When I turned my literary craft from the still waters of magazines to the large, rushing rivers of American newspapers, I was given up, by these same critics and by many personal acquaintances, as one intellectually damned. They said I was prostituting my talent, and those who heretofore insisted that I had never occupied any eminence in literature, now seemed to think I had fallen from some hitherto unrecognised altitude. Nevertheless, I kept to my own ideals and followed the light of my own spirit. Life was too big, feeling too intense, time too short, to wait for books and magazines as a means of expression. There was so much to say to an appreciative and ever-increasing audience, that plain prose must assist her more beautiful sister, poetry.

Every new phase of life gave me a new message to humanity. Years of blest and satisfying companionship as a wife, where respect supplemented love, a brief but wonderful knowledge of motherhood, a domestic and social life full of rich and beautiful experiences, travel and acquaintance with rare souls of earth,

all have made and are making life mean to me more and more exhilaration, anticipation, realisation, usefulness, and growth.

To be a part of God's great universe, to be one of His voices, to be a worker and a helper, means to me the fulness of satisfaction. I expected much of life; it has given, in all ways, more than I expected. Everything has happened. I have known loneliness, discontent, trouble. I have waited years for what I felt I must obtain immediately; yet for each hour of pain I have known three hours of joy, and life has been good, and grows better as I walk forward. Love has been more loyal and lasting, friendship sweeter and more comprehensive, work more enjoyable, and fame because of its aid to usefulness, more satisfying than early imagination pictured.

All hail to life—life here, and life beyond! For earth is but the preparatory school for a larger experience, for a greater usefulness.

I have come into closer acquaintance with surrounding realms with the passing of each decade. The impression of my early youth,

that Invisible Helpers were near those who strove to do right and who sought the heights, became first a conviction, and is now a Knowledge.

I know we are building our heaven
  As we journey along by the way;
Each thought is a nail that is driven
  In structures that cannot decay,
And the mansion at last shall be given
  To us as we build it to-day.

Printed by T. and A. Constable, Printers to His Majesty
at the Edinburgh University Press